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TERROR REIGNS IN MEXICO CITY

Impending Attack by Rebels Fills People With Fear

HUERTA IS DRINKING HEAVILY

Dictator May Abdicate Tomorrow—Refugees Appeal for Special Trains In Which They May Escape from the Capital Before the Constitutionalists Attack it—Carranza Will Not Treat With Huerta Representatives

(By International News Service)

Mexico City, July 14—The impending attack of this city by Constitutionalist troops is creating terror here.

The government is besieged for special trains to carry refugees to the coast.

The public fears are heightened by the official admission or the war office that Guadalajara has been evacuated.

Huerta Drinking Heavily.

Vera Cruz, July 14.—Dispatches from Mexico City indicate that Huerta is again drinking heavily. The dictator is wavering between desertion and escape or whether to remain and fight his enemies to the end. The British consul Mutchison expects Huerta to announce his retirement tomorrow.

Huerta May Quit Tomorrow.

Washington, July 14—The Brazilian Minister to Mexico, who is caring for the interests of the United States in that country, today telegraphed the state department that the resignation of General Huerta in favor of Francisco Carbajal, the newly appointed minister of foreign affairs, was expected tomorrow.

Minister Suarez, of Chili, one of the three mediators, anticipating the retirement of Huerta sought in an informal talk with Secretary Bryan to learn what the attitude of the United States would be toward the Carbajal government. While the Washington government will not recognize Carbajal, Minister Suarez learned that the American government was not disinclined to treat informally with the new administration until a transfer of power to the Constitutionalists could be effected.

Carranza Objects.

General Carranza has notified the United States through John R. Silliman formerly American consul at Saltillo and now personal representative of President Wilson there, that under no circumstances would he sanction a conference with representative of General Huerta to draft terms of peace. He told Mr. Silliman that only the unconditional surrender of the authorities at Mexico City would be accepted.

Mr. Siliman in his report Monday spoke in complimentary term of Carranza and said his reception by the Constitutionalist chief was most cordial. General Carranza explained in engage in peace parleys with Huerta detail why it would be impossible to delegates, as originally proposed by the South American mediators at Niagara Falls. The Constitutionalist chief said he had consulted all his generals, and their unanimous opinion was that the plan of Guadalupe, providing that he himself as president ad interim take military possession of Mexico City, be carried out to the letter.

Carranza assured the American representative that the Constitutionalist forces soon would enter Mexico City and maintain order there. The suggestion was made by Carranza that the Huerta forces surrender unconditionally, and that he would give ample guarantee for the protection of life and property.

FINE FIRE RECORD FOR SIX MONTHS

Only One Serious Blaze Since First of Present Year

In the matter of serious fires Clearfield has of late been most fortunate. During the first half of 1914 but eight alarm or a case where a little judgeach of these has been either a false alarm or a case where a little judgement and a bucket of water would have been sufficient to obviate calling out the entire department, with the single exception of a fire in the Raftman's Journal office on the evening of February 11, which did damage to the amount of over $1000.

According to the records kept by the secretary of the fire department, the following are the dates on which citizens have heard the dread sound of the big whistle, up to July 1.

Sunday, January 4, third ward, false alarm.

Wednesday, February 11—Alarm at 7:50 P. M., First ward. Fire in the Raftman's Journal office; extinguished by Company No. 1. with chemical tanks; damage about $1000.

February 12—Fourth ward, false alarm.

February 21—Fourth ward, false alarm.

March 23—Third ward, false alarm

March 24—Fourth ward, false alarm.

June 19—Third ward; slight fire at Jennie Dale's millinery store; no damage; no service required.

June 25—First ward; fire in woodshed at residence of George R. Bigler; little damage; no service required.

Working on the Roof.

The addition to the Lutheran church has progreesed finely and the workmen are now ready to lay the slate on the roof.

THE WEATHER.

(By International News Service)

Cloudy tonight and Wednesday; probably showers.

ATTEMPT MADE TO POISON WIFE OF DOCTOR CARMAN

(By International News Service)

New York, July 14—Sheriff Pettit began his investigation into an alleged plot to poison Mrs. Carman A letter containing a white powder supposedly strychnine was received by Mrs. Carman in the Mineola jail, with a scrawling sheet of paper on which was written, "take one dose of this and you will feel all right."

The authorities refused to discuss the matter before the powder is analyzed and the work or tracing the letter has been started. Mrs. Carman turned the letter and contents over to her husband.

'My wife received a letter containing a white powder, which I believe is strychnine", admitted Dr. Carman. "We have not the faintest idea who was the sender.

The prosecution is limited before the grand jury to show the actions of the murdered woman from the time of leaving her home to the tragedy. Dr. William H. Runcie who was called in by Dr. Carman the night of the tragedy, was the most important witness before the grand jury.

"I was eating dinner the night of June 30," said Dr. Runcie,"when Dr. Carman telephoned, 'come right over; something terrible has happened.' I hurryed over and found Archie Wallace assisting Platt Conklin, (Mrs. Carman's father) from an automobile. Cecilia Coleman, a maid was standing on the lawn. The body of Mrs. Bailey was lying on a couch in the doctor's office. Dr. Carman was very much agitated and exclaimed, 'A terrible thing has happened,' Later he exclaimed, "This is a devil of a note'. Then he advised me to go up stairs and quiet the women.

Mrs. Carman was upstairs in negligee and bare feet. Seeing me she started forward, saying sharply: "Dr. Runcie, something has happened in my husband's office.' Then she exclaimed: 'Oh doctor; I am so worried. I placed a dictograph in the doctor's office. What will the people say? They will be suspicious of him."

William Bailey, husband of the slain woman, and the victim's mother, Mrs. Jennie Duryea, testified that they were unaware that Mrs. Bailey had gone to Dr. Carman's office. The husband testified that he did not know his wife as ill.

OLD BOSSES WILL BE TURNED OUT

Progressives Will Prevent Lame Ducks Regaining Control

HOPEFUL VIEW OF ELECTIONS

Congressman Heinebaugh Declares Progressive Party Will Hold Balance of Power in Congress After the November Elections — Party Well Organized in 36 States.

Washington, July 14—Representative William H. Hinebaugh, of Illinois, chairman of the Progressive party's congressional campaign, has issued a statement declaring the Progressives would control the balance of power in many state legislatures, in the house of representative and possibly in the United States senate after the elections this fall.

Mr. Hinebaugh asserted that the same men who controlled the Republican national convention in 1912 are now attempting to ride back into power on the wave of disapproval of Democratic failure. That they will be prevented from doing so by the activity of his party is his belief.

"The Progressive party," said Mr. Hinebaugh, "will elect senators in Pennsylvania, Illinois, Washington, Kansas, Indiana and Ohio. It has an excellent chance in California, South Dakota, Vermont and New York. The party will also break the solid south this year, through the victory of several of its candidates in the Louisana congressional districts. Election of a Progressive in the third Louisiana is a certainty."

Cannot Settle Conflict.

Mr. Hinebaugh said that the Republican party was formed because of the conflict between the foes of human slavery and the slave aristocracy A similar conflict, he says, is now raging in this country between the foes of industrial slavery and the aristoc-

(Continued on 3rd page.)

NEW ORDERS IN LICENSE CASES

Judge Bell Hands Down Important Decrees Relating Thereto

HOTELS MUST BE SANITARY

Every Hostelry Must be Shown to be in a Proper and Safe Condition as to Fire Escapes—Rule 5, Relating to Wholesalers, is Modified by the Court.

Judge Bell Monday afternoon handed down two orders of court relating to liquor licenses, one regarding retail applications and the other modifying the order of court relative to wholesale dealers.

The order of interest to retailers is as follows:

Now to wit. July 13, 1914, it is ordered that each applicant for a retail license hereafter heard by the court shall present satisfactory evidence that the premises for which license is asked are in a sanitary condition. In all districts where there is an organized board of health the certificate of the health officer or of the secretary of the board must be obtained, or failure so to do satisfactorily accounted for.

Each of such applicants shall also present satisfactory evidence that his hotel is in a proper and safe condition as to fire escapes, and also as to electric wiring and other sources from which accidental fires may occur The certificate of the deputy factory inspector will be accepted as to matters falling within his jurisdiction.

Modified Wholesale Order.

Prior to the granting of licenses last March, Judge Bell issued a set of rules governing the business of wholesalers. One of these rules—No. 5—was as follows:

Distilleries, breweries and wholesalers shall sell to licensed dealers without any restrictions as to quan-

(Continued on 3rd page.)

DID MRS. HALL KILL HUSBAND?

Trying to Clear Mystery of a Virginia Murder

MERCHANT SHOT IN HIS STORE

His Wife Placed on Trial in Virginia Court Today, and Case Promises to Rival That of Mrs. Louise Bailey, Which is Being Investigated by the Authorities of New York City.

(By International News Service)

Louisa, Va., July 14—Mrs. Victor Hall was put on trial here today for the murder of her husband, Victor Hall, a prominent merchant of Green Springs, Va., who was mysteriously shot in his store on April 15. Hill Carter, who defended Henry Clay Beattie for wife murder, is one of the counsel for the accused woman and not since the Beattie case has this state been so wrought up over a criminal case

A fe hours before the shooting of Hall, the store of W. R. Dunkum,, his business rival, a short distance away, was burned to the ground. Hall and Dunkum were on friendly terms Hall had at one time been a clerk in Dunkum's store

Mrs Hall was a Mrs. Dunkum before she married Hall, being several years his senior. She has two grown daughters by her first husband, a brother of W. R Dunkum Mrs. Hall and Dunkum were not on good terms.

Mrs. Hall says that several hours after the fire there was a knock on her door. She and her husband occupied quarters over the store Mr. Hall got up to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. She says that she heard a pistol shot just as the door opened Hall had entered the rear of the store, according to his wife, and was going to the front door She says that when the shot was fired her husband cried out, "Oh, Lord" Mrs Hall says that she got a pillow and placed his head on it and then got a sheet or blanket to cover him up He died without ever regaining consciousness. So far as known, Hall had no enemies and there is not any motive for the crime.

Following the Dunkum fire and the killing of Hall, there were a number f other fires. Two attempts were made to burn the Hall store, but both fires were extinguished. Mrs Hall was indicted for murder, but was not allowed to remain in the county, being directed by the judge to remain away til she should come for trial She was bailed in the sum of $5,000 and among her bondsmen are her father-in-law and several of the best known men of the section in which she made her home.

The state will contend that Mrs. Hall shot her husband while he lay in bed and then dragged his body

(Continued on 3rd page.)

LABOR DAY

It Will be Celebrated in Clearfield in Appropriate Manner.

There will be an up-to-date celebration of Labor Day in Clearfield. The Boosters club is arranging a number of amusements for the day.

A water carnival will be held on the river at 8 o'clock in the evening which will be free to the public.

Watch this paper for further announcements.

Rapchock Out on Bail.

Mike Rapchock, who, in a drunken fight, choked to death his brother-in-law, George Swansiger, at Morrisdale the night of July 4, has been released on $400 bail.

YOUTH CHARGED WITH PASSING BAD CHECKS

Said to be Related to Ex-Secretary of State Knox

(By International News Service)

Pittsburgh, July 14—Frank Knox Hockman aged 32 years, who states that his mother is a niece of former secretary of state, Philander Knox, was held by the court on charges of passing bogus checks amounting to $500.

Police say Hockman arrived recently from his home in Knox, Pa., became infatuated with a Northside beauty and lavished money in buying gifts for her. He started the fake checks when his "roll" was exhausted.

AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT

DuBois Citizen Badly Bruised When His Car Turned Turtle.

While out yesterday trying his auto after some repairs to it E. W. Webster was pinned under the car when it overturned on South Brady street near Haag's store and badly bruised. W. R. Lukehart, of Carson's garage, who was driving the car at the time, escaped uninjured. The accident occurred about 5 o'clock while the car was running about seven miles an hour.—DuBois Courier.

Real Estate Transfers.

Mary H. Sommerville to Olsen Miriet, land in Cooper. $50.

Ellis S Irwin to James W. Barratt, land in Clearfield. $250

George R. Bigler to James Whittaker, land in Decatur $170

Theo. B. Patton to Frank Katerer, land in Bigler $21

Theo. B. Patton to John Najda, land in Gulich. $50

Theo. B. Patton to John Najda, land in Gulich $50

Theo B Patton to Jeferino Poney land in Gulich $50

Baby Girl Born.

A bady girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles O'Neal, at their home on Nichols street, last evening.

HEAVY DEATH ROLL FROM HEAT WAVE IN RUSSIA

(By International News Service)

St. Petersburg, Russia, July 13.—Russia is prostrated by the worst heat wave in a half century. Forest fires are raging and there is a huge death roll. The moors are burning and many villages have been wiped out. Fearful damage has been done to crops and the suffering of the people is intense.

Five thousand soldiers are fighting forest peat fires in an effort to prevent the destruction of the Schlusselburg dynamite factory at Neva.

An army of peasants throughout Russia is diging trenches and blasting lanes to prevent the spread of the flames. Burned bridges, poles and wires are paralyzing traffic. Famine is threatened from annihilation of the crops. The money damage is many millions.

People in the fire patch are seeking refuge along the lakes and rivers. Pillars or heavy smoke are hanging over many cities. The temperature is 100 at midnight and 110 and 125 at midday.

The Red Cross may have to launch a huge plan of international succor for people who are petitioning czar for relief.

BURGLAR TRAP KILLS BOY

The authorities learned yesterday of the death Sunday at Barnesboro, of Thoams Cochran, aged 8 years, as the result of a burglar trap.

According to the story told to the Coroner, A. W Lawson, a merchant, placed a loaded shotgun that when a door leading from the cellar to the store wasopened the gun would be discharged The boy's body was found just outside the door, with a heavy charge of shot in his lungs

Lost Purse Found.

Miss Lillian Moore, daughter of Prothonotory J. H. Moore, lost a silver beaded purse this morning, containing about $24. After a prolonged search the purse was found in Leonardson's store, one of the clerks having laid it up when she found it lying on the counter.

He Had Appendicitis.

Glenn Schnarrs the dairyman, was operated on by Dr. Lever F. Stewart at the hospital. Mr. Schnarrs was suffering from appendicitis. His condition is serious.

ELOPERS CAUGHT

A Sykesville Infant Runs Away With a Young Man.

John Worman, aged 18 years and Edna Smith, aged 13, created considerable excitement in Sykesville Sunday afternoon when it became known that they had eloped. Their attempt to get married, however, was nipped in the bud when they were taken into custody Sunday evening at Indiana, just as they were about to board a car for Blairsville, there to take a train for Pittsburgh.

Surprised by Friends.

Roy Johnson and family, who are camping near the Clearfield creek bridge, were surprised Monday night when about forty friends descended upon them. Refreshments were served at midnight and all report having had a most enjoyable time

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS

Officers Installed by Deputy Grand Chancellor Young.

On Monday night, July 13, Deputy GrandC hancellor D. W Young installed the following officers of Clearfield Lodge, No 305, Knights of Pythias

Chancellor commander — Wayne Burge .

Vice hancellor—S. Boyd Smith

Prela —A F Lawhead

Master of work—H A Walker

Keeper of records and seal—Paul A Dietzel

Master of finance—E W. Brown.

Master of exchequer—F B Row.

Master at arms—W M Henderson

Inner guard—E V Brown

Outer gard—H. S Shafer

Representative—Geo D Runk.

Trustees—John H. Martin, H A Walker and G D. Runk

NEW HAVEN DIRECTORS ARE CALLED CRIMINALS

(By International News Service)

Washington, July 14—In a drastic, even bitter report on the financial operations of the New York New Haven and Hartford railroad company, sent to the senate yesterday, the Interstate Commerce Commission holds that the New Haven directors were "criminally negligent," and indicates that it expects them to be prosecuted under the criminal statutes.

The commission with this in view has furnished copies of the testimony taken in its investigation to the department of justice.

The directors of the New Haven system are scored by the commission, because, so the commission, says, they "actually or passively acquiesced in the efforts of the Mellen-Morgan-Rockefeller regime to extend the domination of this corporation over the whole transportation fields of New England."

These directors, the commission asserts, were guilty of a "gross dereliction of duty and a breach of trust that was morally wrong and criminal in its fruits."

The commission calls for their civil and criminal prosecution.

Concering political contributions, the report says:

"The New Haven railroad has no politics. It was Democratic inDemocratic states and Republican in Republican states. As Mr. Mellen testified, its effort was always to 'get under the best umbrella'. Payments made for political purposes totaled a large sum."

Await Official Report.

New York, July 14—District Attorney Whitman's office is awaiting the Interstate Commerce Commission's official report recommending the prosecution of the New Haven directors. Whitman's attitude is arousing intense interest, as the malpractices of many roads come within the jurisdiction of the local supreme court

The point is emphasized that the statute of limitations might prevent the punishment of those responsible for the acts denounced by the Interstate Commerce commission. There is persistent talk in Wall street that the only method of rehabilitation lies in a New Haven receivership.

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World's Greatest Short Stories

No. V.

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING

RUDYARD KIPLING

By Rudyard Kipling

IRVIN S. COBB

Twenty-four famous authors were asked recently to name the best short story in the English language. The choice of Irvin S. Cobb, was "The Man Who Would Be King," by Rudyard Kipling. Three other noted authors think this is the best short story.

PART I.

THE beginning of everything was in a railway train upon the road to Mhow from Ajmir. There had been a deficit in the budget, which necessitated traveling not second class, which is only half as dear as first class, but by intermediate, which is very awful indeed.

My particular intermediate happened to be empty till I reached Nasirabad, when a huge gentleman in shirt sleeves entered and, following the custom of intermediates, passed the time of day. He was a wanderer and a vagabond like myself, but with an educated taste for whisky. He told tales of things he had seen and done, of out of the way corners of the empire into which he had penetrated and of adventures in which he risked his life for a few days' food.

My friend wanted to send a telegram back from the next station to Ajmir, which is the turning off place from the Bombay to the Mhow line as you travel westward. My friend had no money beyond 8 annas, which he wanted for dinner, and I had no money at all owing to the hitch in the budget before mentioned.

"Did you say you are traveling back along this line within any days?" asked he.

"Within ten," I said.

"Can't you make it eight?" said he. "Mine is rather urgent business"

"I can send your telegram within ten days if that will serve you," I said.

"I couldn't trust the wire to fetch him, now I think of it. It's this way: He leaves Delhi on the 23d for Bombay. That means he'll be running through Ajmir about the night of the 23d."

"But I'm going into the Indian desert," I explained.

"Well and good," he said. "You'll be changing at Marwar Junction to get into Jodhpore territory—you must do that—and he'll be coming through Marwar Junction in the early morning of the 24th by the Bombay mail. Can you be at Warwar Junction that time? I would take it more than kind of you if you was to come out of central India in time to catch him at Marwar Junction and say to him, 'He has gone south for the week.' He'll know what that means. He's a big man with a red beard, and a great swell he is. You'll find him sleeping like a gentleman with all his luggage round him in a second class compartment. I ask you as a stranger—going to the west," he said with emphasis.

"Where have you come from?" said I.

"From the east," said he, "and I am hoping that you will give him the message on the square—for the sake of my mother as well as your own."

Englishmen are not usually softened by appeals to the memory of their mothers, but for certain reasons, which will be fully apparent, I saw fit to agree.

"I'll give the message if I catch him," I said, "and for the sake of your mother as well as mine I'll give you a word of advice. Don't try to run the Central India states just now as the correspondent of the Backwoodsman There's a real one knocking about here, and it might lead to trouble."

"Thank you," said he simply. "And when will the swine be gone? I can't starve because he's ruining my work. I wanted to get hold of the Degumber Rajah down here about his father's widow and give him a jump."

"What did he do to his father's widow, then?"

"Filled her up with red pepper and slippered her to death as she hung from a beam. I found that out myself, and I'm the only man that would dare going into the state to get hush money for it. But you'll give the man Marwar Junction my message?"

He got out at a little roadside station. When I left the train I did business with divers kings, and in eight days passed through many changes of life.

Then I headed for the great Indian desert upon the proper date as I had promised, and the night mail set me down at Marwar Junction

The Bombay mail from Delhi makes a short halt at Marwar. She arrived as I got in, and I had just time to hurry to her platform and go down the carriages. There was only one second class on the train. I slipped the window and looked down upon a flaming red beard, half covered by a railway rug.

"Tickets again?" said he.

"No," said I. "I am to tell you that he is gone south for the week. He is gone south for the week!"

The train had begun to move out. The red man rubbed his eyes. "He has gone south for the week!" he repeated. "Now, that's just like his impidence. Did he say that I was to give you anything? 'Cause I won't."

"He didn't," I said and dropped.

Later on I reflected that two gentlemen like my friends could not do any good if they foregathered and personated correspondents of newspapers, and might, if they "stuck up" one of the little rat trap states of central India or southern Rajputana, get themselves into serious difficulties. I therefore took some trouble and succeeded, so I was later informed, in having them headed back from the Degumber borders.

Then I became respectable and returned to an office where there were no kings and no incidents except the daily manufacture of a newspaper. A newspaper office seems to attract every conceivable sort of person, to the prejudice of discipline. But that is the amusing part of the year. There are other six months wherein none ever come to call and the thermometer walks inch by inch up to the top of the glass.

It was in that season, and a remarkably evil season, that the paper began running the last issue of the week on Saturday night, which is to say Sunday morning, after the custom of a London paper.

One Saturday night it was my pleasant duty to put the paper to bed alone. It was a pitchy black night, as stifling as a June night can be, and the loo, the redhot wind from the westward, was booming among the tinder dry trees and pretending that the rain was on its heels. It was a shade cooler in the pressroom than the office, so I sat there while the type ticked and clicked and the night jars hooted at the windows and the all but naked compositors wiped the sweat from their foreheads and called for water.

Then the roar and rattle of the wheels shivered the quiet into little bits. I rose to go away, but two men in white clothes stood in front of me The first one said, "It's him!" The second said, "So it is!" And they both laughed almost as loudly as the machinery roared and mopped their foreheads. The smaller of the two was the man I had met in the Mhow train, and his fellow was the red bearded man of Marwar Junction.

I was not pleased, because I wished to go to sleep, not to squabble with loafers "What do you want?" I asked.

"Half an hour's talk with you cool and comfortable in the office," said the red bearded man. "We'd like some drink—the contrack doesn't begin yet. Peachey, so you needn't look—but what we really want is advice. We don't want money. We ask you as a favor, because you did us a bad turn about Degumber."

I led from the press room to the stifling office with the maps on the wall, and the red haired man rubbed his hands. "That's something like," said he. "This was the proper shop to come to. Now, sir, let me introduce you to Brother Peachey Carnehan, that's him, and Brother Daniel Dravot, that is me, and the less said about our profession the better, for we have been most things in our time. Carnehan is sober, and so am I We'll take one of your cigars apiece, and you shall see us light"

I watched the test The men were absolutely sober, so I gave them each a tepid peg.

"Well and good," said Carnehan of the eyebrows, wiping the froth from his mustache. "Let me talk now, Dan We have decided that India isn't big enough for such as us."

They certainly were too big for the office Carnehan continued. "The country isn't half worked out because they that governs us won't let you touch it Therefore, such as it is, we will let it alone and go away to some other place where a man isn't crowded and can come to his own We are not little men, and there is nothing that we are afraid of except drink, and we have signed a contrack on that Therefore we are going away to be kings."

"Kings in our own right," muttered Dravot.

"Yes, of course," I said. "You've been tramping in the sun, and it's a very warm night, and hadn't you better sleep over the notion?"

"Neither drunk nor sunstruck," said Dravot "We have slept over the notion half a year and require to see books and atlases, and we have decided that there is only one place now in the world that two strong men can Sar-a-whack. They call it Kafiristan. By my reckoning it's the top right hand corner of Afghanistan, not more than 800 miles from Peshawar. They have two and thirty heathen idols there, and we'll be the thirty-third. It's a mountainous country, and the women are very beautiful."

"But that is provided against in the contrack," said Carnehan. "Neither women nor liqu-or, Daniel."

"And that's all we know, except that no one has gone there, and they fight, and in any place where they fight a man who knows how to drill men can always be a king. We shall go to those parts and say to any king we find. 'D'you want to vanquish your foes?' and we will show him how to drill men, for that we know better than anything else. Then we will subvert that king and seize his throne and establish a dy-nasty."

"You'll be cut to pieces before you're fifty miles across the border," I said. "You have to travel through Afghanistan to get to that country. Are you at all in earnest?"

"A little," said Dravot sweetly. "Now, as big a map as you have got, even if it's all blank where Kafiristan is, and any books you've got. We can read, though we aren't very educated."

I uncased the big thirty two miles to the inch map of India and two smaller frontier maps, hauled down volume Inf-kan of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, and the men consulted them.

"See here!" said Dravot, his thumb on the map. "Up to Jagdallak, Peachey and me know the road. We was there with Roberts' army We'll have to turn off to the right at Jagdallak, through Laghmann territory; then we get among the hills—14,000 feet—15,000. It will be cold work there, but it don't look very far on the map."

I smoked while the men pored over Raverty, Wood, the maps and the Encyclopaedia.

"There is no use your waiting," said Dravot politely. "It's about 4 o'clock now. We'll go before 6 o'clock if you want to sleep, and we won't steal any of the papers. When we've got our kingdom in going order we'll let you know, and you can come up and help us to govern it."

"Would two lunatics make a contrack like that?" asked Carnehan with subdued pride, showing me a greasy half sheet of note paper on which was written the following. I copied it then and there as a curiosity:

This contrack between me and you persuing witnesseth in the name of God—Amen and so forth

One—That me and you will settle this matter together—i e, to be Kings of Kafiristan

Two—That you and me will not, while this matter is being settled, look at any liquor, nor any woman black white or brown, so as to get mixed up with one or the other harmful.

Three—That we conduct ourselves with dignity and discretion, and if one of us gets into trouble the other will stay by him

Signed by you and me this day.
Peachey Taliaferro Carnehan
Daniel Dravot
Both Gentlemen at Large

I left them still poring over the maps and making notes on the back of the "contrack." "Be sure to come down to the Serai tomorrow to say goodby," were their parting words.

The Kumharsen Serai is the great four square sink of humanity where the strings of camels and horses from the north load and unload In the afternoon I went down there to see whether my friends intended to keep their word or were lying about drunk

A priest attired in fragments of ribbons and rags stalked up to me, gravely twisting a child's paper whirligig Behind him was his servant, bending under the load of a crate of mud toys The two were loading up two camels and the inhabitants of the Serai watched them with shrieks of laughter.

"The priest is mad," said a horse dealer to me. "He is going up to Kabul to sell toys to the ameer. He will either be raised to honor or have his head cut off. He came in here this morning and has been behaving madly ever since."

"From Roum have I come," shouted the priest, waving his whirligig—"from Roum, blown by the breath of a hundred devils across the sea! Who will take the protected of God to the north to sell charms that are never still to the amir? Ho! Hazar Mir Khan," he yelled to his servant, "drive out the camels, but let me first mount my own"

He leaped on the back of his beast as it knelt and, turning round to me, cried, "Come, thou, also, sahib, a little along the road and I will sell thee a charm, an amulet that shall make thee king of Kafiristan"

Then the light broke upon me, and I followed the two camels out of the Serai till we reached open road, and the priest halted.

"What d'you think o' that?" said he in English. "Carnehan can't talk their patter, so I've made him my servant He makes a handsome servant. 'Tisn't for nothing that I've been knocking about the country for fourteen years Didn't I do that talk neat? We'll hitch on to a caravan at Peshawar till we get to Jagdallak, and then we'll see if we can get donkeys for our camels and strike into Kafiristan Whirligigs for the ameer, O Lord! Put your hand under the camel bags and tell me what you feel"

I felt the butt of a Martini and another and another.

"Twenty of 'em," said Dravot placidly, "twenty of 'em, and ammunition to correspond under the whirligigs and the mud dolls"

"Heaven help you if you are caught with those things," I said "A Martini is worth her weight in silver among the Pathans."

"Fifteen hundred rupees of capital—every rupee we could beg, borrow or steal—are invested on these two camels," said Dravot. "We won't get caught. We're going through the

(Continued on 7th page.)

The Clearfield Progress

With a view to giving the people of Clearfield and vicinity the best that can be obtained in the way of a live wire up-to-the-minute newspaper, printed at home, by home people, The Clearfield Progress has added a number of new features, some of which have appeared, and others that will follow in a few days.

One of the most important of these features is the new daily

Telegraph Service

which comes to the **Progress** exclusively, and positively contains good live news that will not be found in the larger city papers until the following morning.

And just as important as this new service is the new Intertype composing machine which is about three to four times faster that the machine formerly used, and about five times faster than the hand method.

The Intertype

is capable of ten lines of type, a column wide every minute and the new machine is in operation in the front window of the Progress plant where any one who wishes may see it work.

The Local News

is covered, or reported by a very efficient corps of news gatherers, both in Clearfield and the surrounding towns, and additions are to be made in this department in a very short time.

Mutt and Jeff

the world famous cartoons by "Bud" Fisher will start soon time this week and are sure to be enjoyed by all-both old and young.

Daily Illustrations

of timely events will also go to make this your big home newspaper.

Railroad Department

will also be of interest to the men who run the trains, telling them of the happenings of their craft both at home and in other places.

Sporting News

of interest to the Sport Fans is cared for by a competent man, and will be accompanied by bright, newsy pictures, and a real live Sport letter each day by Frank Menke, one of the greatest writers of Sports today.

Clean Spicy Editorials

Society news, Personal Mention, of your coming and going and in fact everything of real news value will be found in

The Clearfield Progress

If you are not a subscriber, now is just the time to get in on the ground floor and get the benefit of all these new features of your newspaper.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Adventures of Kathlyn

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Illustrated by Pictures from the Moving Picture Production of the Selig Polyscope Co.

(Copyright by Harold MacGrath)

The rusty metal sides of the ship scraped against the pier and the gangplank was lowered; and presently the tourists flocked down with variant emotions, to be besieged by fruit sellers, water carriers, cabmen, blind beggars, and maimed, naked little children with curious, insolent black eyes, women with infants straddling their hips, stolid Chinamen: a riot of color and a bewildering babel of tongues.

Kathlyn found a presentable carriage, and with her luggage pressing about her feet directed the driver to the Great Eastern hotel.

Her white sola-topee (sun helmet) had scarcely disappeared in the crowd when the Hindu of the freight caboose emerged from the steerage, no longer in bedraggled linen trousers and ragged turban, but dressed like a native fop. He was in no hurry. Leisurely he followed Kathlyn to the hotel, then proceeded to the railway station. He had need no longer to watch and worry. There was nothing left now but to greet her upon her arrival, this golden houri from the verses of Sa'adi. The two weeks of durance vile among the low castes in the steerage should be amply repaid. In six days he would be beyond the hand of the meddling British Raj, in his own country. Sport! What was more beautiful to watch than cat play? He was the cat, the tiger cat. And what would the Sahib Colonel say when he felt the claws? Beautiful, beautiful, like a pattern woven in an Agra rug.

Kathlyn began her journey at once.

Kathlyn on Her Way to Allaha.

Now that she was on land, moving toward her father, all her vigor returned. She felt strangely alive, exhilarated. She knew that she was not going to be afraid of anything hereafter. To enter the strange country without having her purpose known would be the main difficulty. Where was Ahmed all this time? Doubtless in a cell like his master.

Three days later she stood at the frontier, and her servant set about arguing and bargaining with the mahouts to engage elephants for the three days' march through jungles and mountainous divides to the capital. Three elephants were necessary. There were two howdah elephants and one pack elephant, who was always lagging behind. Through long aisles of magnificent trees they passed, across hot, blistering deserts, dotted here and there by shrubs and stunted trees, in and out of gloomy defiles of flinty rock, over sluggish and swiftly flowing streams. The days were hot, but the nights were bitter cold. Sometimes a blue miasmic haze settled down, and the dry, raspy hides of the elephants grew damp and they fretted at their chains.

Rao, the khitmatgar Kathlyn had hired in Calcutta, proved invaluable. Without him she would never have succeeded in entering the strange country; for these wild-eyed Mahomedan mahouts (and it is pertinent to note that only Mahomedans are ever made mahouts, it being against the tenets of Hinduism to kill or ride anything that kills) scowled at her evilly. They would have made way with her for an anna-piece. Rao was a Mahomedan himself, so they listened and obeyed.

All this the first day and night out. On the following morning a leopard crossed the trail. Kathlyn seized her rifle and broke its spine. The jabbering of the mahouts would have amused her at any other time.

"Good, memsahib," whispered Rao. "You have put fear into their devils' hearts. Good! Chup!" he called. "Stop your noise."

After that they gave Kathlyn's dog tent plenty of room.

One day, in the heart of a natural clearing, she saw a tree. Its blossoms and leaves were as scarlet as the seeds of a pomegranate.

"O, how beautiful! What is it, Rao?"

"The flame of the jungle, memsahib. It is good luck to see it on a journey."

About the tree darted gay parrakeets and fat green parrots. The green plumage of the birds against the brilliant scarlet of the tree was indescribably beautiful. Everywhere was life, everywhere was color. Once, as the natives seated themselves of the evening round their dung fire while Kathlyn busied with the tea over a wood fire, a tiger roared near by. The elephants trumpeted and the mahouts rose in terror. Kathlyn ran for her rifle, but the trumpeting of the elephants was sufficient to send the striped cat to other hunting grounds. Wild ape and pig abounded, and occasionally a caha wriggled out of the sun into the brittle grasses. Very few beasts or reptiles are aggressive; it is only when they feel cornered that they turn. Even the black panther, the most savage of all cats, will rarely offer battle except when attacked.

Meantime the man who had followed Kathlyn arrived at the city.

Five hours later Kathlyn stepped out of her howdah, gave Rao the money for the mahouts, and looked about. This was the gate to the capital. How many times had her father passed through it? Her jaw set and her eyes flashed. Whatever dangers beset her she was determined to meet them with courage and patience.

"Rao, you had better return to Calcutta. What I have to do must be done alone."

"Very good. But I shall remain here till the memsahib returns." Rao salaamed.

"And if I should not return?" affected by this strange loyalty.

Then I shall seek Bruce Sahib, who has a camp 20 miles east."

"Bruce? But he is in Singapore!" —a quickening of her pulses.

"Who can say where Bruce Sahib is? He is like a shadow, there today, here tomorrow. I have been his servant, memsahib, and that is how I am today yours. I received a telegram to call at your hotel and apply to you for service. Very good. I shall wait. The mahout here will take you directly to Hare Sahib's bungalow. You will find your father's servants there, and all will be well. A week, then. If you do not send for me I seek Bruce Sahib, and we shall return with many. Some will speak English at the bungalow."

"Thank you, Rao. I shall not forget."

"Neither will Bruce Sahib," mysteriously. Rao salaamed.

Kathlyn got into the howdah and passed through the gates. Bruce Sahib, the quiet man, whose hand had reached out over seas thus strangely to reassure her! A hardness came into her throat and she swallowed desperately. She was only twenty-four Except for herself there might not be a white person in all this sprawling, rugged principality. From time to time the new mahout turned and smiled at her curiously, but she was too absorbed to note his attentions.

Durga Ram, called lightly Umballa, went directly to the palace, where he knew the Council of Three solemnly awaited his arrival. He dashed up the imposing flight of marble steps, exultant. He had fulfilled his promise; the golden daughter of Hare Sahib was but a few miles away. The soldiers, guarding the entrance, presented their arms respectfully; but instantly after Umballa disappeared the expression on their faces was not pleasing.

Umballa hurried along through the deep corridor, supported by exquisitely carved marble columns. Beauty in stone was in evidence everywhere and magnificent brass lamps hung from the ceiling. There was a shrine topped by an idol in black marble, incrusted with sapphires and turquoises. Durga Ram, who shall be called Umballa, nodded slightly as he passed it. Force of habit, since in his heart there was only one religion—self.

He stopped at a door guarded by a single soldier, who saluted but spat as soon as Umballa had passed into the throneroom. The throne itself was vacant. The Council of Three rose at the approach of Umballa.

"She is here," he said haughtily.

The Council salaamed.

Umballa stroked his chin as he gazed at the huge candles flickering at each side of the throne. He sniffed the Tibetan incense, and shrugged. It was written. "Go," he said, "to Hare Sahib's bungalow and await me. I shall be there presently. There is plenty of time. And remember our four heads depend upon the next few hours. The soldiers are on the verge of mutiny, and only success can pacify them."

He turned without ceremony and left them. With oriental philosophy they accepted the situation. They had sought to overturn him, and he held them in the hollow of his hand. During the weeks of his absence in America his spies had hung about them like bees about honey. They were the fowlers snared.

Umballa proceeded along the corridor to a flight of stairs leading beneath the palace floor. Here the soldiers were agreeable enough; they had reason to be. Umballa gave them new minted rupees for their work, many rupees. For they knew secrets. Before the door of a dungeon Umballa paused and listened. There was no sound. He returned upstairs and sought a chamber near the harem. This he entered, and stood with folded arms near the door.

"Ah, Colonel Sahib!"

"Umballa?" Colonel Hare, bearded, unkempt, tried to stand erect and face his enemy. "You black scoundrel!"

"Durga Ram, sahib. Words, words; the patter of rain on stone roofs. Our king lives no more, alas!"

"You lie!"

"He is dead. Dying, he left you this throne—you, a white man, knowing it was a legacy of terror and confusion. You knew. Why did you return? Ah, pearls and sapphires and emeralds! What? I offer you this throne upon conditions."

"And those conditions I have refused."

"You have, yes, but now—" Umballa smiled. Then he suddenly blazed forth: "Think you a white man shall sit upon this throne while I live? It is mine. I was his heir."

"Then why didn't you save him from the leopard? I'll tell you why. You expected to inherit on the spot, and I spoiled the game. Is that not true?"

"And what if I admit it?" truculently.

"Umballa, or Durga Ram, if you wish, listen. Take the throne. What's to hinder you? You want it. Take it and let me begone."

"Yes, I want it; and by all the gods of Hind I'll have it—but safely. Ah! It would be fine to proclaim myself when mutiny and rebellion stalk about. Am I a pig to play a game like that? Tch! Tch!" He clicked his tongue against the roof of his mouth in derision. "No; I need a buckler till all this roily water subsides and clears."

"And then, some fine night, Hare Sahib's throat? I am not afraid of death, Umballa. I have faced it too many times. Make an end of me at once or leave me to rot here, my answer will always be the same. I will not become a dishonorable tool. You have offered me freedom and jewels. No; I repeat, I will free all slaves, abolish the harems, the buying and selling of flesh: I will make a man of every poor devil of a coolie who carries stones from your quarries."

Umballa laughed. "Then remain here like a dog while I put your golden daughter on the throne and become what the British Raj calls prince consort. She'll rebel, I know; but I have a way." He stepped outside and closed the door.

"Umballa?"

"Well?"

"Kit, my daughter? Good God, what is she doing here when I warned her?" Hare tugged furiously at his chains. "Durga Ram, you have beaten me. State your terms and I will accept them to the letter. . . . Kit, my beautiful Kit, in this hell hole!"

"Ah, but I don't want you to accept now. I was merely amusing myself." The door shut and the bolt shot home.

Hare fell upon his knees. "My head, my head! Dear God, save me my reason!"

* * * * *

When Kathlyn arrived at the animal cages of her father she called for Ahmed.

"My father?"

"Ah, memsahib, they say he is dead. I know not. One night—the second after we arrived—he was summoned to the palace. He never came back."

"They have killed him!"

"Perhaps. They watch me, too; but I act simple. We wait and see."

Kathlyn rushed across the ground intervening between the animal cages and the bungalow. There was no one in sight. She ran up the steps . . . to be greeted inside by the suave Umballa.

"You?" her hand flying to her throat.

"I, Miss Hare." He salaamed, with a sweeping gesture of his hands.

Sadly the wretch told her the tale; the will of the king, his death, and the subsequent death of her father in his, Durga Ram's, arms. Yonder urn contained his ashes. For the first time in her young life Kathlyn fainted. She had been living on her nerves for weeks, and at the sight of that urn something snapped. Daintily Umballa plucked forth the packet and waited. At length she opened her eyes.

"You are a queen, Miss Hare."

"You are mad!"

"Nay; it was the madness of the king. But mad kings often make laws which must be obeyed. You will accuse me of perfidy when I tell you all. The note which brought you here was written by me and substituted for this."

Dully Kathlyn read; "Kathlyn—If not heard from, I'm held captive in Allaha. The royal title given to me by the king made me and my descendants direct heirs to the throne. Do not come to Allaha yourself. Destroy sealed document herewith.

"FATHER."

The Council of Three entered noiselessly from the adjoining room. At the four dark, inscrutable faces the bewildered girl stared, her limbs numb with terror. Gravely the council told her she must come with them to the palace.

"It is impossible!" she murmured. "You are all mad. I am a white woman. I cannot rule over an alien race whose tongue I cannot speak, whose habits I know nothing of. It is impossible. Since my father is dead, I must return to my home."

"No," said Umballa.

"I refuse to stir!" She was all afire of a sudden: the base trickery which had brought here here! She was very lovely to the picturesque savage who stood at her elbow.

As he looked down at her, in his troubled soul Umballa knew that it was not the throne so much as it was this beautiful bird of Paradise which he wished to cage.

"Be brave," he said, "like your father. I do not wish to use force, but you must go. It is useless to struggle. Come."

She hung back for a moment; then, realizing her utter helplessness, she signified that she was ready to go. She needed time to collect her stunned and disordered thoughts.

Before going to the palace they conducted her to the royal crypt. The urn containing her father's ashes was deposited in a niche. Many other niches contained urns, and Umballa explained to her that these held the ashes of many rulers. Tears welled into Kathlyn's eyes, but they were of a hysterical character.

"A good sign," mused Umballa, who thought he knew something of women, like all men beset with vanity. Oddly enough, he had forgotten all about the incident of the lion in the freight caboose. All women are felines to a certain extent. This golden-haired woman had claws, and the day was coming when he would feel them drag over his heart.

From the crypt they proceeded to the palace zenana (harem), which surrounded a court of exceeding beauty. Three ladies of the harem were sitting in the portico, attended by slaves. All were curiously interested at the sight of a woman with white skin, tinted like the lotus. Umballa came to a halt before a latticed door.

"Here your majesty must remain till the day of your coronation."

"How did my father die?"

"He was assassinated on the palace steps by a Mahomedan fanatic. As I told you, he died in my arms."

"His note signified that he feared imprisonment. How came he on the palace steps?"

"He was not a prisoner. He came and went as he pleased in the city." He bowed and left her.

Alone in her chamber, the dullness of her mind diminished and finally cleared away like a fog in a wind. Her dear, kind, blue-eyed father was dead, and she was virtually a prisoner, and Winnie was all alone. A queen! They were mad, or she was in the midst of some hideous nightmare. Mad, mad, mad! She began to laugh, and it was not a pleasant sound. A queen, she! Kathlyn Hare! Her father was dead, she was a queen, and Winnie was all alone. A pale of laughter brought to the marble [illegible] many wondering eyes. The white [illegible] displeasure. Those outside the [illegible] saw this marvelous white-haired woman, with hair like the gold threads in Chinese brocades, suddenly throw herself upon a pile of cushions, and they saw her shoulders rock and heave, but heard no sound of weeping.

After a while she fell asleep, a kind of dreamless stupor. When she awoke it was twilight in the court. The doves were cooing and fluttering in the cornices and the cockatoo was preening his breast-color'd taghuel. At first [illegible] but the last [illegible] where she [illegible] but the light beyond the lattice [illegible] and the turbaned [illegible]

She sat perfectly still, slowly gathering her strength, mental and physical. She was [illegible] daughter for nothing. She was to fight in some strange warfare, instinctively she felt this; but from what direction, in what shape, only God knew. Yet she must prepare for it; that was the vital thing; she must marshal her forces, feminine and only defensive, and watch.

Rao! Her hands clutched the pillows. In five days' time he would be off to seek John Bruce; and there would be white men there, and they would come to her though a thousand legions of these brown men stood between. She must play for time; she must pretend docility and humility, meet guile with guile. She could get no word to her faithful khitmatgar; none here, even if open to bribery, could be made to understand. Only Umballa and the council spoke English or understood it. She had ten days' grace; within that time she hoped to find some loophole.

Slave girls entered noiselessly. The hanging lamps were lit. A tabaret was set before her. There were quail and roast kid, fruits and fragrant tea. She was not hungry, but she ate.

Within a dozen yards of her sat her father, stolidly munching his chupattis, because he knew that now he must live.

* * * * * * *

One of the chief characteristics of the East Indian is extravagance. To outvie each other in celebrations of births, weddings, deaths and coronations they beggar themselves. In this the oriental and the occidental have one thing in common. This principality was small, but there was a deal of wealth in it because of its emerald mines and turquoise pits. The durbar

The Al Fresco Throne of Allaha.

brought out princes and princelings from East, South and West, and even three or four wild-eyed amirs from the North. The British government at Calcutta heard vaguely about this fete, but gave it scant attention for the simple fact that it had not been invited to attend. Still it watched the performance severely. Usually durbars took months of preparation; this one had been called into existence within ten days.

Elephants and camels and bullocks; palanquins, ekkarris, tongas; cloth of gold and cloth of jewels; color, confusion, and jostling noises, and more color. There was very little semblance of order; a rajah preceded a princeling, and so on down. The wailing of reeds and the muttering of kettle drums; music, languorous, haunting, elusive, low minor chords seemingly struck at random, intermingling a droning chant; a thousand streams of incense, crossing and recrossing; and fireworks at night, fireworks which had come all the way from China by caravan—these things Kathlyn saw and heard from her lattice.

The populace viewed all these manifestations quietly. They were perfectly willing to wait. If this white queen proved kind they would go about their affairs, leaving her in peace; but they were determined that she should be no puppet in the hands of Umballa, whom they hated for his cruelty and money leeching ways. O, everything was ripe in the state for murder and loot—and the reaching, bolding hand of the British Raj.

As Kathlyn advanced to the canopied dais upon which she was to be crowned, a hand filled with flowers reached out. She turned to see Ahmed.

"Bruce Sahib," she whispered.

Ahmed salaamed deeply as she passed on. The impression that she was dreaming again seized her. This could not possibly be real. Her feet did not seem to touch the carpets; she did not seem to breathe; she floated. It was only when the crown was placed upon her head that she realised the reality and the finality of the proceedings.

"Be wise," whispered Umballa, coldly. "If you take off that crown now, neither your gods nor mine could save you from that mob down yonder. Be advised. Rise!"

She obeyed. She wanted to cry out to that sea of bronze faces: "People, I do not want to be your queen. Let me go!" They would not understand. Where was Rao? Where was Bruce? What of the hope that now flickered and died in her heart, like a guttering candle light? There was a small dagger hidden in the folds of her white robe; she could always use that. She heard Umballa speaking in the native tongue. A great shouting followed. The populace surged.

"What have you said to them?" she demanded.

"That her majesty had chosen Durga Ram to be her consort and to him now forthwith she will be wed." He salaamed.

So the mask was off! "Marry you? O, no! Mate with you, a black?"

"Black?" he cried, as if a whiplash had struck him across the face.

"Yes, black of skin and black of heart. I have submitted to the farce of this durbar, but that is as far as my patience will go. God will guard me."

"God?" mockingly.

"Yes, my God and the God of my fathers!"

To the mutable faces below she looked the queen at that instant. They saw the attitude, but could not interpret it.

"So be it. There are other things besides marriage."

"Yes," she replied proudly; "there is death."

CHAPTER III.

The Two Ordeals.

Umballa was not a coward; he was only ruthless and predatory after the manner of his kind. A thrill of admiration tingled his spine. The women of his race were chattels, lazy and inert, without fire, merely drudges or playthings. Here was one worth conquering, a white flame to be controlled. To bend her without breaking her, that must be his method of procedure. The skin under her chin was as white as the heart of a mangosteen, and the longing to sweep her into his arms was almost irresistible.

A high priest spoke to Kathlyn.

"What does he say?" she asked.

"That you must marry me."

"And if I refuse?"

(To be Continued.)

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TO DARKEN HAIR APPLY SAGE TEA

Look Young! Bring Back Its Natural Color, Gloss and Thickness.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea with sulphur and alcohol added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant, remove every bit of dandruff, stop scalp itching and falling hair. Just a few applications will prove a revelation if your hair is fading, gray or dry, scraggly and thin. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get the ready-to-use tonic costing about 50 cents a large bottle at drug stores, known as "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy", avoiding a lot of muss.

While wispy, gray, faded hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it does it so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant.

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The man who shot himself only after he had married his eighth wife must have been astonished at his own moderation.

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Dr. F. D. Leipold, Dentist, will be absent from his office until Monday, July 20. July 13—6t.

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IMPORTANT DATES.

Presbyterian day, Lakemont park, Altoona, July 16.

Reopening of African M. E. church, West Side, Sunday, July 19.

Methodist day, Lakemont park, Altoona, July 30.

Big picnic at New Millport, July 30.

Lutheran Day at Lakemont park, July 29.

Baptist outing at Lakemont park, July 24.

Lansberry family reunion, Mineral Springs park, Woodland, August 8.

National Star Spangled Banner centennial, Sept. 6 to 13.

Labor day, September 7.

Columbus day, October 12.

Thanksgiving day, November 26.

Christmas, December 25.

Tuesday, July 14, 1914.

Washington State Ticket

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Governor.
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Lieutenant Governor.
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Congress—21st District.
Guy B. Mayo, McKean county.

Senator—34th District.
Alonzo S. Moulthrop, Clearfield county.

Washington County Ticket

Earl G. Boose Brady township.
Edward Lippart, Lawrence township.
Albertus G. Woodward, Curwensville.

WHY?

Why should the spirit of mortal be proud when he knows that even the highest priced automobile may get balky far from home?

Good evening! Be glad that you are not a member of congress and have to sit at work in such weather as this.

HUERTA TO QUIT.

It is announced that Dictator Huerta is willing to resign and get out of Mexico, fearing that when the troops he has been sending against the rebels discover that he has been postponing his retirement until he has piled up several million dollars with which to live in luxury in some foreign land they will take his life. But Huerta says he will not resign unless he can dictate whom his successor shall be.

Just at this time it might be difficult to find any safe and sane Mexican who is willing to take up the reins of government after the country has rid itself of Huerta. There are so many rebel chiefs who believe that they are capable of ruling Mexico that no matter who sits in the presidential chair he will face revolutions and dissatisfactions similar to what that country has witnessed in the past quarter of a century.

ALL COMING TO IT.

It was noticed that the more prominent speakers and lecturers at the Clearfield chautauqua last week injected a strong sentiment in favor of progressivism in their addresses. These men were not exploiting any particular organization They had been engaged to deliver lectures to the chautauqua crowds and the subjects they chose to discuss were selected with a view to giving consideration for the views and opinions of the people.

That the people are aroused to the necessity for a change in the political situation in this country no one who has come in touch with the thinking voters can deny. It is evident that the people have made up their minds to put an end to political bossism, and while this reform cannot be accomplished in a day or a year it will eventually be brought about through the awakening moral sense of the nation. Political corruption is no longer looked upon as a pardonable crime.

Despite the assertions of the Republican and Democratic press, progressivism is sweeping through the country. Special privilege recognizes this fact, and in Pennsylvania Senator Penrose, servant of the Standard Oil company and other beneficiaries of special privilege, faces defeat for re-election and seeks to prevent his retirement from politics by entering into an alliance with one of the Democratic factions of the state. The defeat of Penrose this year would advance the cause of progressivism at least ten years.

The candidate who doesn't know where he stands on the liquor question will sit at home after the election

It takes brains to be a booster; any idiot can make a noise with a hammer.

Get your hunters' license early and avoid the rush of hunters from the big cities.

Join the Boosters club in making Clearfield hum on Labor day.

There'll be something doing in this old town on Labor day, all right.

Those were crop-saving rains, all right.

A THRILLING TALE

"The Heir Apparent to the Witch's Throne of Local Interest.

In the days when witches were carefully cultivated in every village, the ignorant people always began casting about for her successor, particularly when she began to grow ld. The neighborhood must have someone upon whom to place the blame in case the stock died or the crops went wrong, so they attached the stigma upon some one person the minute the old witch passed into the beyond.

In Clearfield this usually common occurrence once led to a romance and a series of remarkable happenings which quite eclipse all other witch stories. There is the strangest factor in a witch story, love to make it humanly, real thrillingly exciting. Emily Wayne was the heroine in spite of her witch's illfame. Her innotence and the love of a strong young man, who cared nothing for the gossip of the foolish and ignorant, are the tender phases in "The Heir Apparent to the Witch's Throne," a romance appearing in the Sunday North American, July 19.

There is, in adition, mystery, adventure and griping climaxes enough for any lover of excitement. This is sure to become one of the most popular of the Romances From Pennsylvania History which have been appearing each week in the Sunday North American. If you have been reading them, you will know what this means; if you have not, don't miss another one of the series.

In order to avoid disappointment, place your order at once with the local agent, or drop a postal to Circulation Department of The North American.

Curious Old Laws.

Some of the old laws of Nepal, India, were curious. Killing cows ranked with murder as a capital offense, for instance Every girl at birth was married with great ceremony to a betel fruit, which was then cast into a sacred stream. As the fate of the fruit was uncertain the girl was supposed never to become a widow To obtain divorce from a husband a wife had only to place a betel nut under his pillow and depart. In Nepal the day is considered to begin when it is light enough to count the tiles on the roof or to distinguish the hairs on a man's hand against the sky.—Westminster Gazette.

Lime Long Used as Fertilizer.

Lime was one of the earliest materials used to improve soil, being mentioned in the writings of Plato and Pliny.

IN THE MOVIES

"A Twentieth Century Pirate," which will be shown at the New opera house tonight, is a real live story. Jack Farrell, rich dilletante and a dreamer, is in love with Penelope Summers an athletic young girl who longs for an ideal young man. Jack courts Penelope in the most approved manner, but she rejects him. Following the refusal, Jack throws himself into the pursuit of his favorite hobby, genealogy, employing an expert to aid him, and traces back certain branches of his family.

Arriving at the remote age in the annals of the Farrell family the genealogist makes a startling discovery—he finds that Jack's forefather was hanged for piracy, Jack dismisses the genealogist. His family pride has been wounded. He thinks of himself as the offspring of a desperate buccaneer, and the great idea changes his whole life. What follows you should see at the opera house tonight.

"When God Wills" is a strong photoplay which will be shown at the opera house tonight. It has a deep thought which will make you think of what you see.

If you're feeling cross this evening the comic motion pictures, "It's a Boy", will cure you of the grouchy feeling. It is one of humor after another to the end, a funny laughter producing film.

One of the Frontier photoplays that are so popular will be shown at the opera house this evening, "On the Verge." From beginning to end this photo play will hold your attention.

Goodness gracious! does Governor Walsh look like a matinee idol of the movies? At least one Bostonian thinks so. When the governor recently made the memorable trip to the Prince school he entered one of the class rooms. Before the teacher could introduce him,the governor put this query to the pupils:

"Which one of you knows my name"

One youngster away back in the room shot his hand into the air and snapped his figers, fairly shouting:

"Yes, sir; I know. King Baggot!" triumphantly shouted the boy.

In a jiffy the lad's smile changed to a sheepish fadeway look when a score of other pupils jumped up saying:

"It's the governor."

"Well," said the sad faced lad, "he certainly is a dead ringer for the movie actor."

Jack Blythstone, new director of joker comedies, with Bess Meredyth as leading lady and Earnest Shields as leading man, is now producing a slapstick entitled "The Third Party" at the West Coast studios.

STILL MANY MINERS IDLE

President Gilday Says Mining Conditions Might be Improved.

Patrick Gilday, president of district No. 2 of the U. M. W. of A., is in town today. President Gilday reports that work is picking up all over the district, but that there is still room for bettered conditions. There is a stoppage of work at the mill shaft at Portage. Work has been suspended at No. 19 Pee Wee mine over the election of a checkwayman. Four or five collieries in the district, which were thrown out of work April 1, are still idle. This leaves about 1000 men idle in the district.

The executive board of district No. 2 will meet tomorrow.

Stough Going to DuBois.

Evangelist Stough,the noted evangelist, will conduct meetings in DuBois for a period of six weeks beginning in September.

Laboring Men's Picnic.

A basket picnic will be held by the laboring men of Stoneville on Saturday, July 25. Baseball morning and afternoon. Everybody welcome.

Sewing Club to Meet.

The sewing club will meet tomorrow evening at the Leitzinger farm, if the weather is favorable.

Mention the Proress when writing.

ORDER A CASE TODAY

Do you need a Rake, Hoe, Spade, Lawn Mower, Wheelbarrow, or anything in the way of Garden Hose? If so, you will find the most complete stock of the best of everything in our Garden Requisite Department.

The prices will interest you.

Both Phones

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WILLIAM F. POWELL
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Cheese in Variety

Imported Swiss Cheese,
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Pineapple Cheese,
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Pimento Cheese,
Phila. Cream Cheese,
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Oh! yes, Limberger Cheese in 1-lb bricks.

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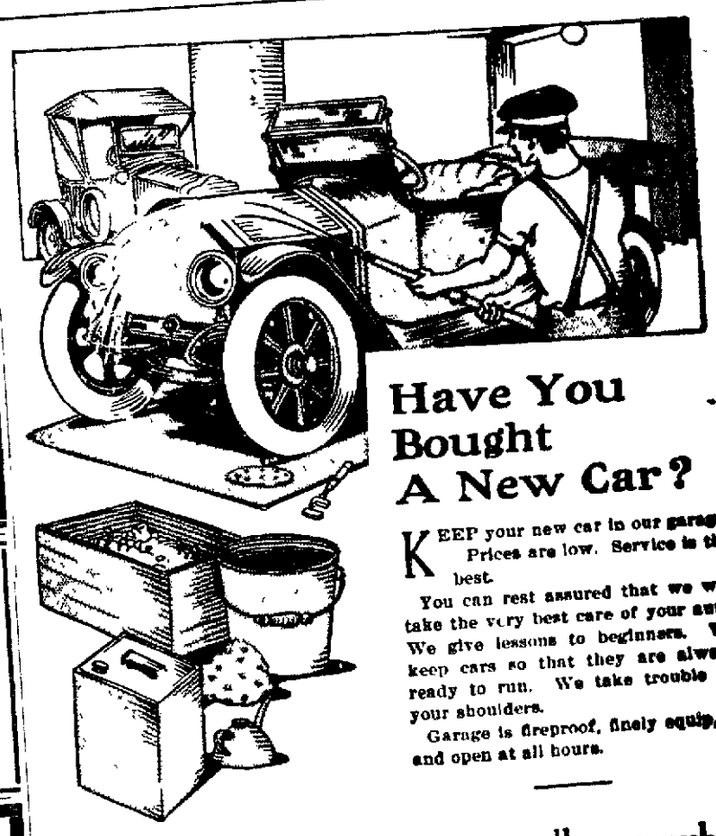


Have You Bought A New Car?

KEEP your new car in our garage. Prices are low. Service is the best.

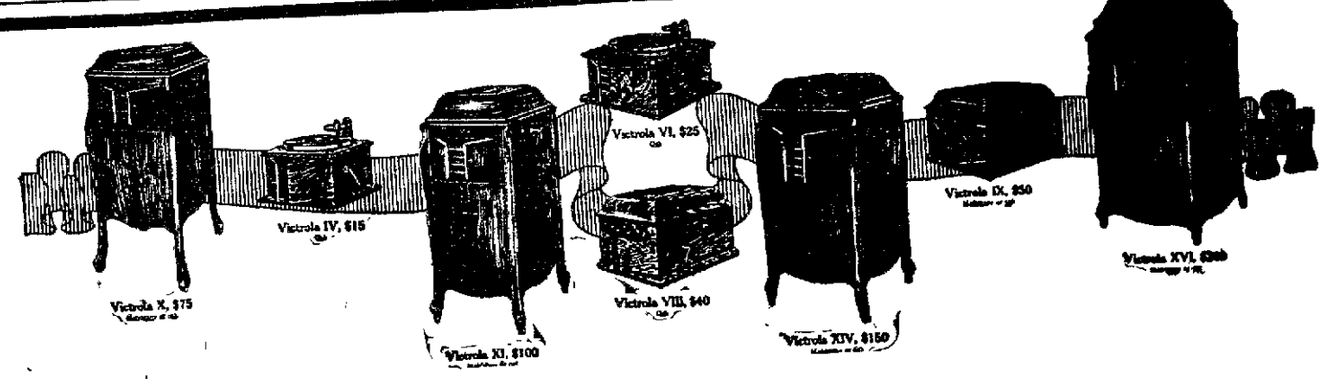
You can rest assured that we will take the very best care of your auto. We give lessons to beginners. We keep cars so that they are always ready to run. We take trouble off your shoulders.

Garage is fireproof, finely equip, & and open at all hours.

This is a private garage, as well as a public one. We take the greatest care of private autos. This saves you trouble.

WALLACE GARAGE,
Repairing Storage Supplies
CLEARFIELD, PENN.
Agents For COLE Motor Cars

$4.00 NIAGARA FALLS JULY 18th
FIVE DAY EXCURSION
Trains Leaves Clearfield 11:30 A. M., 7:00 P. M., via.
Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Ry.



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W. F. Frederick's Piano Co.
E. E. SMITH, Mgr. Clearfield, Pa.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
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PERSONAL MENTION

Tuesday, July 14, 1914

Richard Barrett, of Bloomsburg, is visiting relatives in town this week.

E. L. Davis, of Ramey, attended to business affairs in Clearfield Monday

K. A. Sloppy, of New Millport, spent yesterday with friends in town.

Thomas A. Pride, of Smithmill, was a business caller in Clearfield on Monday.

C. F. Flegal, of Goshen, was admitted to the hospital last evening for treatment.

Mrs. Waple and her daughter, Catherine, are visiting at the home of D. W. Speck.

Mrs. George McCullough and her son Boyd returned last evening from a trip to Oregon.

R. M. Reed, register and recorder was called to DuBois on official business this morning.

Mr ', Mrs. John Hazel and daughter, Pr · la, spent Sunday with relatives at · Morrisdale.

Charles Bangert, of DuBois, spent the morning attending to business affairs at the court house.

David Bailey, of Morrisdale, spent yesterday in Clearfield, attending to business affairs and greeting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. William Vipond left yesterday to spend the summer in Montana because of Mrs. Vipond's ill health.

Miss Jennie Carlson of Daisy street returned to her home yesterday after spending a week with friends in DuBois.

Mrs. S. V. Wilson, Harold Wilson, Misses Ellen Row, Louise Wright and Agnes Weaver motored to DuBois on Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Levis Read and little Gertrude spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs Aloysius Beauseigneur, at Lecontes Mills.

Mrs. Bertha Foster, of Streator, Ill., and Miss Selvy Hoover, of Hyde City, were the guests of Mr, and Mrs. S. A. Croyle over Sunday.

Rev. M. C. Kintenflegal, of Lumber City, stopped in Clearfield with his family this morning on their way to visit relatives in Goshen.

C. J. Butler, the past week visiting at the home of his son, W. A. Butler, on Pine street, returning to his home in Cherry Tree this morning.

Dallas Guppy has been brought home from the Clearfield Memorial hospital, where he has been a patient for the past week, yesterday.

Mr and Mrs. A. H. Wodward, of Locust street, left this morning to visit their son and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Woodward in Colorado.

Misses Carrie and Augusta Mitchell, accompanied by Mrs. F. H. Reese of Punxsutawney, motored to that place on Sunday. Mrs. Reese had been visiting Clearfield relatives last week.

M. E. Ranet, the hustling young editor of the Barnesboro Star, with his wife are visiting at the home of Mrs. Eunice Kline, on Fifth street.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Eckbert are visiting friends in DuBois.

NEW ORDERS IN LICENSE CASES

(Continued from 1st page)

tity or manner of delivery; but as to all other persons no sale of more than one case of bottled beer or one-fourth of a barrell of beer or one quart of distilled or vinous liquor or alcohol, shall be made to any person on any one day, and no alchol or distilled or vinous liquor shall be delivered to the purchaser, except at the place of the seller or by a common carrier, delivery of such liquors by wagons being prohibited.

Monday afternon Judge Bell handed down a modication of this rule, as follows:

Rule is Suspended.

Now to wit, July 13, 1914, it having been made evident that the invasion of the county by outside dealers has defeated the purpose of this court in attempting to secure a record of all sales of liquor not for consumption on the premises and there being no licenses of this kind granted except on the borders of the county deliveries from the outside are readily made so much of rule No. 5 as restricts the quantity which may be sold to any person on any one day is suspended as to distilled or vinous liquors until further order of court.

Threatened to Kill Wife.

George Mashgo, a Slav, was brought from DuBois and lodged in jail yesterday afternoon, charged with assault and battery and threats to kill his wife.

T. J. Allen.

It was T. J. Allen, not F. L. Allen, who was released from the county jail yesterday.

Marriage Licenses.

John W Woznok, of Winburne, and Bertha Killner, of Cooper.

DID MRS. HALL KILL HUSBAND

(Continued from 1st page)

to the store. It is contended that had he been shot by robbers or intruders he could not have fallen between the counter and wall as was reported. They also contend that he would not have been able to have placed a lighted lamp, which he carried, on the counter.

OLD BOSSES WILL BE TURNED OUT

(Continued from 1st page)

racy of wealth, perpetuated and intrenched in power by means of corrupt political bosses, and as a result the new party was born and daily is gaining strength.

"Neither the Democratic nor the Republican party can settle that conflict," he said. "The Republican party by reason of the infidelity and treachery of its leaders, stands before the country as the party of lost opportunity on all three of the great issues in which the people are vitally interested —tariff, currency and trusts.

"The dismal failure of the Democratic party to make good its promises, together with its repudiation of its solemn platform pledges, has emboldened the Hale-Burleigh machine in Maine; the Crane-Weeks machine in Massachusetts; the Brandegee-Aldrich-Lippitt machine in Connecticut and Rhode Island; the Barnes-Root machine in New York; the Penrose-Dalzell mchine in Pennsylvania; the Foraker machine of Standard Oil fame in Ohio; the Fairbanks-Watson machine in Indiana; the Attwood-Groesbeck machine in Michigan; the Cannon-Lorimer machine in Illinois; the Tawney machine in Minnesota, and the Smoot-Guggenheim machine in the Rocky mountain states, to enter the 1914 campaign with all their old-time audacity.

"From ocean to ocean, the men who destroyed the Republican party in 1912 are today in command of the Republican organization. Because of this it is evident to me there will not and cannot be any compromise between the old boss-ridden, privilege-controlled Republican party and the Progressive party."

Party Organized in 36 States.

Mr. Hinebaugh said that organizations have been perfected in thirty-six of the forty-eight states already, and that in twenty-four states, full state, congressional and county tickets are in the field.

"After the election," he continued "the Progressives will hold the balance of power in many state legislatures as well as in congress. The future of the party is assured by the support it is receiving from the young men of the country.

"The Progressive party will endure and eventually triumph, because the rights of humanity have at least become of equal importance in the public mind with the rights of property. As the discordant elements of the old Whig party effectually destroyed that party so will the divided leadership and divided opinion upon fundamental policies of government effectually destroy what remains of the old Republican party.

"Young men who live in the present, and who look forward rather than backward, are rallying to the standards set by the Progressive party. Young Democrats and young Republicans, untrammeled by traditions of the past, are the hope of the future and of the Progressive party."

LAST OF MEETINGS

The little Boosters' last appearance Saturday night was their best. The large platform was crowded with little folks, lifting their little hearts in song to theri Master.

Rev. Johnson preached a powerful sermon from Ex. 8, 10 "And he said tomorrow". "God says today; man sys tomorrow. Procrastination, putting off, these are the mile stones that mark the fateof many a man and woman. Tomorrow has no real existence."

At the close of his sermon 9 people came down and surrendered to Christ.

The large Tabernacle was filled at the last Sunday morning service within its walls. The free will offering for Mr. Johnson was easily raised.

Rev. Johnson preached a very short sermon on "Some things neede to make Christian life useful"

"The most important thing is to study God's Word. The Bible is the bank containing many precious promises for God's children. Anothe thing is to pray in private and also in public A third very important thing is to unite with some Christan church"

As it was very late, Rev Johnson did not give an invitation to the people.

At the supposedly last service held in the Tabernacle under Rev Johnson and party Sunday night the tabernacle was packed and many tried to get in from the outside in vain

The musical program before the sermon was splendid. The large choir seemed to be at its best.

Rev. Johnson preached a mighty sermon from Jer. 8,20: "The harvest is past, the summer 's gone and you are not saved."

"No one can say they have had no opportunity to be saved. Plenty opportunity has bene offered during these dyas to get away from your guilt. God pity a man if you must moan after these meetings, " I have missed it, I have missed it." If your sins are not discovered in this world, they will be discovered at the judgment bar of God."

At the close of his sermon, 88 people came and surrendered to Christ, a total of over 900.

The really last service was held last night.

CLOVER HILL.

A baby girl arrived at the home of Alex Mitchell last week.

Mrs. May Ralston is visiting her sister, Mrs. Curtis Read, this week.

A. G. Woodward from Curwensville, called on Edward Lippart last Sunday afternoon.

Miss Annabell Litz is visting friends in Akron, Ohio.

The Grampian band will furnish the music for the Lawrence Grange picnic on Friday, July 31.

Mrs. Homer McDowell is seriously ill at her home with chronic appendicitis Dr Wilson is the attending physician.

Miss Emma Schickling went to Hyde City, where she will be employed for some time.

Misses Alda and Amanda Glasgow, from Bellwood, are visiting their cousins, the Misses McCrack

Frank Lippart wears a very pleasant smile since the arrival of a young son at his home

Mr and Mrs Will Berry of Stoneboro, spent Monday with Mr and Mrs Edward Lippart.

Mr. and Mrs Dayton Slitter, from Karthaus, visited with their uncle Edward Lippert andf amily several days last week

Mrs. Austin Aughenbaugh and Miss Emma Schickling recently visited their sister, Mrs Edward Lippart

N F Hoffman received word on Sunday that his father at Portland Mills had a stroke last week and is not expected to live

Mrs Helen Aughenbaugh and little daughter, Mary, from Curwensville, visited her parents, Mr and Mrs James Spackman, on Tuesday

Elma and Blair McCracken and Olive and Clovis Moore attended Grange at Kerrmoor on Saturday night and visited relatives near there over Sunday.

Mrs Blair Fulton and baby Cora May, from Clearfield, Kentucky, are visiting her parents, Mr and Mrs J S Wrigley, and other relatives

Mrs Cupp and daughters, Anna and Golda, from Altoona, were here attending the Nebgen-Shifter wedding and visited Mrs Cupp's brother, Edward Lippart, and family

B. R. P. PICNIC

All arrangements for the annual picnic of the employes of the B. R. & P railroad have about been completed by the general committee having the matter in charge. The outing will be held at Ontario Beach on next Saturday, July 18, and a special train over the B., R & P. will leave DuBois at 6 A. M., and will reach Ontario Beach about noon. Onthe return trip the train will leave Rochester at 8.30 in the evening. An interesting program of amusements will be arranged and it is expected that over 1,000 people will be in attendance The company furnishes free transportation to all the employees of the road and their families It is also expected that they will take along the B., R. & P. band to furnish msic

THE CARNIVAL

Borough Authorities Find Nothing to Condemn in the Shows.

Somebody has evidently been misrepresenting the carnival now in Clearfield. The borough authorities visited the carnival last night and report that they saw nothing illegal or indecent in the shows. Chief of Police McHenry says the carnival is clean, the onlyoccurrence out of the way last night being the theft of a suit of clothes of one of the carnival people by some Clearfield young man.

Smashed His Finger.

Fred G. Shugarts of the Stoneville baseball team had a finger smashed while catching in the Bigler-Stoneville game Saturday, and will be out of the game for a while.

Hoston's Hearing Wednesday.

The argument in the motion for a new trial in the case of Hoston, who was found guilty of murder in the second degree for the killing of James Dunkle, at Cataract, will be heard on Monday next.

Real Estate Transfers.

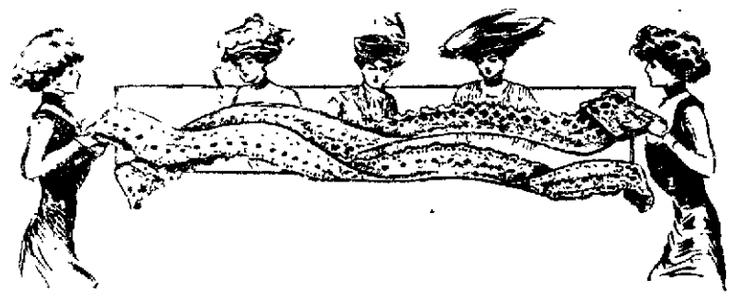
A. W. LEONARDSON CO. MARKET STREET A. W. LEONARDSON CO.

A Garden of Merchandise

A Hoard of Extraordinary Bargains In Our JULY CLEARANCE SALE

In ridding itself of Summer Goods, each department strives for superiority in value giving. That they have surpassed themselves can be proven by a visit to each and every one, comparing present prices with former ones. Every purchase will be gratifyingly profitable to you. Goods you were glad to pay full price for earlier in the season are marked down to positively insignificant figures. That long looked-for opportunity for practicing economy presents itself now in the JULY CLEARANCE SALE.

Wide Embroidery Flouncing at Clearance Sale Prices

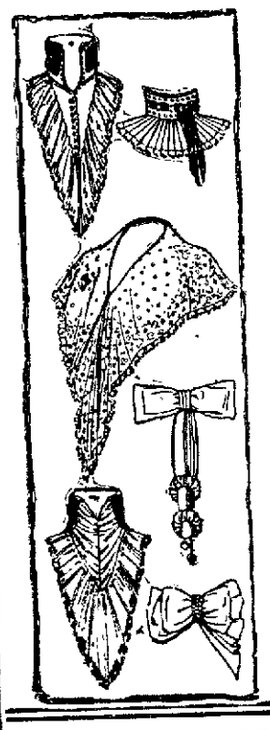


$10.00 45 in. Embroidered flouncing, inlaid Venice work **$6.98**
9.00 45 in. Embroidered flouncing, inlaid Filet Medallions **5.48**
7.50 45 in. French Embroidery, Venetian cut work **4.98**
5.75 45 in. French Embroidery on Schnee cloth **3.98**
4.50 45 in. Embroiderey in Crepe, Neige with Filet edge **3.48**
3.50 45 in. Batiste Flouncing in Blue and white **2.98**
1.95 45 in. Batiste Flouncing, French Eyelet work **1.25**
1.00 45 in. French Voile all over—Saleprice **2.98**
2.25 45 in. Batiste all over—Sale price **1.89**
79c 27in. Batiste Flouncing, imitation Venice work **59c**
59c 27in Batiste Flouncing, eyelet, French emb. wk. **39c**
18c 27in. Batiste Flouncing for children's wear **39c**
39c 18in, Batiste Flouncing in neat patterns, ... **29c**
25c 18in Batiste Flouncing eyelet pattens **19c**
One lot of Galoon trimmings, 1 1-2 to 8 in. wide, values 15c to $2 yd, **sale price** ..... **10c to $1 yd.**

One lot of odd insertions and band trimmings, 2 to 12 in. wide, **values** from 25c to $4.00 yd., for our clearance sale these will be ..... **1-2 price.**

All of our linen and cotton torchon lace and insertions, 1-4 to 2 in. wide, the regular 5c to 10c yd. Sale price.. **4c yd.**

Neckwear, Jewelry, Etc.



One lot of soiled neckwear—all good styles in net, shadow lace and messaline, ranging in price from 25c to $1.00—Clearance price **12½c to 50c each.**

25c Neckwear in rolling collars in net, organdie and shadow lace, also cuff and collar sets in net and all-over embroidery—Sale price **17c**

50c—Many styles of net and shadow lace collars with lace and net trimming, also several styles in fischu, also plain linen and pique collars in white and colors—Sale price **37c**

25c-50c—Beads and necklaces in jet, white and assorted colors—These are in all lengths from 15 to 32 in. long.

One lot of 12½c Emerald lawn handkerchiefs with ¼ inch hemstitch hem and embroidered corner—Clearance price ..... **7c each.**

A. W. LEONARDSON COMPANY

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PINCHOT LEADER IN STATE WORK

Expert Tells How He Helped In Forest Building

FOUGHT FOR PENNSYLVANIA

Remarkable Progress In National and State Conservation of Timber Reserves Due In Great Part to His Untiring Energy and Aggressiveness.

By J. W. TOUMEY

Fifty or one hundred years hence when the people of the United States are able to get a true perspective of the basic development of national, state and private forestry during the past eighteen years in this country, Gifford Pinchot's name will stand above all others. As the Germans now write of Cotta as the father of Saxon forestry so the historians of this country will write of Gifford Pinchot as the father of American forestry.

For nearly two decades Gifford Pinchot has been a potent force in national, state and private forestry. Nearly twenty years ago he began his professional career in private forestry. Through his ability and force of character he rapidly made his way to the foremost place in professional forestry in this country. Although he became the leader of American forestry while still a young man, his technical and scholastic training, his high ideals of public service, his capacity for work, and magnetic personality made it possible for him to initiate reform after reform and inspire the entire nation with his own high ideals of forestry and what it ought to be in the United States.

Leader in State Work.

Most of us think of Gifford Pinchot as a leader in national forestry. He has been no less a leader in state and private forestry. The rapid advance in national forestry under his wise leadership carried with it the advance in state and private forestry. Without the former, the latter would have been impossible. As head of the National Forest Service, Gifford Pinchot early turned his attention and that of his department to co-operating with the states and private owners of timberland in order to stimulate a greater interest in state and private forestry; help the states to form an effective forest organization, and induce private owners to begin the practice of forestry on their own lands.

This work early begun by Gifford Pinchot, finds fruition today in the splendid co-operation between the National Forest Service and the several states, under which organized effort is rapidly reducing the annual losses from forest fires. It finds fruitage today in all parts of the country where in the early part of his career, as head of the National Forest Service, he pointed the way to the introduction of forestry on private timberlands.

In the Adirondack Mountains and elsewhere, where working plans were made for private owners under his direction, we find today the greatest advance in private forestry.

He Started the Work.

The progress in state forestry during the past sixteen years or since Gifford Pinchot became the head of the National Forest Service, has been no less remarkable than the progress in national forestry itself. Sixteen years ago only two or three states gave the subject any attention at all. Pennsylvania was one of the few states that was moving forward at this time in the conservation of her forests. This was chiefly due, however, to the splendid influence of Dr. J. T. Rothrock, who for more than one-half of a long lifetime has valiantly fought for the forests of the Keystone state.

Today no less than twenty-five states have active forestry departments, the majority of which employ professionally trained foresters. Twenty have efficient fire-protective systems. Fourteen states have established state forests with an aggregate area of more than 3,400,000 acres. Forest taxation of private timberlands has been placed upon a more equable basis in seven states. Public interest is becoming more and more focused upon state forestry and unquestionably the most intensive work in forestry in this country at the present time is being done by the states.

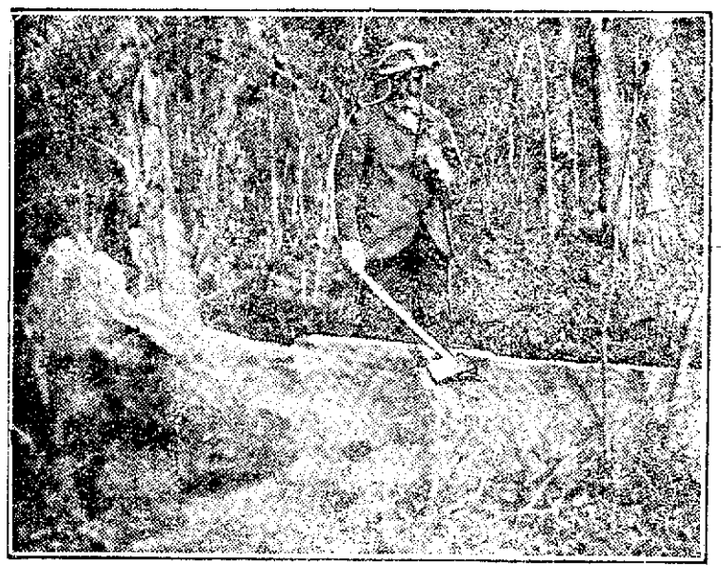
He Laid Down the Plan.

Let me repeat that this wonderful advance in state forestry, beginning at the time that Gifford Pinchot became the leader in American forestry, would not have been possible without an even greater advance in national forestry. Pinchotism more than any other force awakened the nation to the need of forest conservation and opened the purse strings of Congress, thus making our National Forest Service a living reality and our greatest monument to national foresight that the present century has yet witnessed. Pinchotism, working through the friends of forestry in the several states, has opened the purse strings of the legislatures, thus making efficient state forestry possible.

Time and again Gifford Pinchot has appeared before state legislatures and legislative committees on behalf of state forestry. Governor Pardee of California, Governor Bass of New Hampshire, Doctor Pratt of North Carolina, Doctor Rothrock of Pennsylvania, Joseph N. Teal of Oregon, John Parker and Governor Blanchard of Louisiana, as well as many other patriotic and farseeing men, can vouch for his assistance and labor in furthering forestry in their respective states. Gifford Pinchot's influence in state forestry and the confidence that the states have in him are clearly shown by the fact that in California, Wisconsin, and other states as well as the acts creating the position of state forester expressly state that he shall be a man satisfactory to the National Forest Service.

Gifford Pinchot's influence and activity in instituting organized state activity is one of the surest and most fundamental accomplishments of his career, as shown in the light of a decade and a half of American forest history. Had his policy of state forestry not been sound; had it not been based upon the same far-visioned principles under which he carried the forest interests of the nation to fruition; had it not been built upon constructive acts giving it concrete and definite expression, its harmonious development in recent years would have been impossible.

As residents of the Keystone state, Doctor Rothrock and Gifford Pinchot have always worked together to further the forest interests of Pennsylvania. The influence of the latter on public opinion aided in no uncertain manner the splendid development that this state has made in forest conservation. Gifford Pinchot was the first public man in America to recognize and point out to the states in terms which brought results the real meaning of state forestry,—that each state has its own duties and responsibilities in forestry, separate and distinct, on the one hand, from private forestry and, on the other, from those which confront the nation.



PINCHOT, THE FORESTER

BRUMBAUGH A PENROSE CLOAK

Doctor Hunsberger, Chautauqua Speaker, Says His Silence is a Shame and a Disgrace.

Dr. W. A. Hunsberger, of Columbia University, formerly of the faculty of Dickinson college, Carlisle, in a recent Chautauqua lecture at Lansdale, Montgomery county, referred to current Pennsylvania politics for a striking example of how honest seekers after clean politics are buncoed by the political bosses. Departing from his regular speech, Doctor Hunsberger characterized Brumbaugh as the "eminently respectable figurehead of the machine." He said:

"It is a shame and a disgrace for a man like Doctor Brumbaugh to act as a cloak for the Penroses, McNichols and Donnellys of this state; and if I live I shall raise my voice at every opportunity in the coming campaign to drive them from power.

"The day is past when men can sneak into office without committing themselves. A man seeking office must declare what he stands for and what he believes in."

Seeking Interested Signers.

There is traveling over the state an emissary of the Grundy-Penrose "Protective Union" who is securing signatures to a petition to be addressed to the people of Pennsylvania, asking them to return Boies Penrose to the United States senate. In one county the signers of the petition were the liquor dealers, dealers in cooperage supplies and hop and grain dealers. Dozens of reputable manufacturers refused to sign the paper.

Always to Be Reckoned With.

You must learn to deal with odd and even in life, as well as in figures.—George Eliot.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

You are writing a gospel—a chapter a day,
By works that you do and words that you say;
Men read what you write, whether faithless or true—
Say, what is the Gospel according to You?

—E. E. Higley.

HELPFUL IDEAS FOR THE HOUSE-WIFE.

Improved Hamburger Steak.—Chop a pound of round steak, season with salt and pepper, a grating of nutmeg, a pinch of ground cloves, one egg beaten light and a small onion chopped fine and one cupful of boiled rice. Mix well, make into cakes and cook as usual over coals or pan broil. This amount will make neat cakes to serve seven or eight people, provided they are not too hungry, and there are other good things served.

Poached Eggs New York Style.—Mix small cubes of chicken breast with fresh mushrooms, pimentoes and a little Mornay sauce. Spread a thin layer on earthen au gratin dishes, set a poached egg above, cover with Mornay sauce, mixed with a little tomato puree and a dash of paprika. Sprinkle with grated Swiss or Parmesan cheese. Set in a hot oven an instant and serve at once.

Mornay Sauce.—Put three tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, when bubbling hot add three tablespoonfuls of flour, salt and pepper, about a half-tablespoonful of salt and a cup and a half of consomme, chicken or veal broth. Add a fourth of a cupful of Gruyere or Parmesan cheese and stir until melted.

Chop Suey.—Take a pound of lean pork from the shoulder, cut in small pieces, three large onions, three stalks of celery, a handful of mushrooms, cut fine, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, two tablespoonfuls of black molasses. Put a little butter into a kettle and when hot, drop in the meat, cover and simmer. Then add the vegetables, add a teaspoon of salt and simmer until the vegetables are done. Mix the molasses and cornstarch together with half a cup of warm water, add and cook until well done. For those who do not like the Japanese sauce this recipe will be enjoyed.

When bread is thoroughly cooled wrap each loaf in waxed paper and put away in a bread box. Each loaf may be handled in the paper and any portion left wrapped and kept moist.

Nellie Maxwell.

STRIPES AND PLAIDS.

Strikingly Combined With Many Plain Fabrics.

HANDSOME AFTERNOON GOWN.

The wearing of roman stripes pleases the smart women. The demand for something different inspires the designers to combine materials of every variety.

Several seasons have passed since striped silks have occupied a prominent position among the fashions, but this year finds them reinstated.

The new weaves show a wonderful blending of colors, some designs emphasizing the brilliant reds, blues, yellows and greens, while others combine the softer, darker tones.

The stripes vary in width from narrow pin stripes to those measuring two inches in diameter.

These handsome silks are allied with plain colors, and costumes of exceptional smartness are evolved from this combination.

The gown pictured here was of plain and striped silk in an effective and modish combination.

IF KIDNEYS ACT BAD TAKE SALTS

Says Backache is sign you have been Eating too Much Meat.

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it generally means you have been eating too much meat, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they becomesort of paralyzed and loggy. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them, like you relieve your bowels; removing all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells; your stomach sours, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get sore, water scalds and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night.

Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is a life saver for regular meat eaters. It is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful effervescent lithia water drink.

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BIG LOAF

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Richard Cook, ... Clearfield
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Bickford Store Co., Curwensville
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Harry Teats, ...Curwensville
W. B. Fox & Son, Curwensville
G. M. Clute, ... Curwensville
C. F. Hays, ...Curwensville
T. D. Small & Son, Curwensville
W. A. Hipps, ...Curwensville
Rafferty Bros.,.....Grampian
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W. E. Derrick,.. ... .Grampian
A. McCrath, ... Grampian
H. P. Wriglesworth, ..Grampian
F. M. Hartzfeld, ... Grampian
J. T. Pickles,. .... .Woodland
W. D. Walker & Bro.,. .Bigler
Ed. Shaw,. ..... Shawville
C. P. Rowles, ... Olanta
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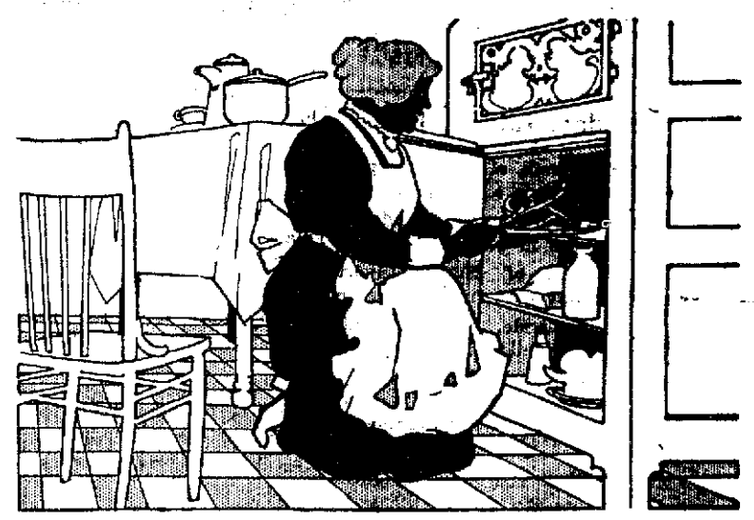

"Our Meat Goes Furthest"

EVERY woman knows there is a great difference in the LASTING QUALITY of meats. Poor roasts, steaks or chops, fat and tough, for instance, very rarely go into the refrigerator after the first attack upon them is over. We sell the kind that lasts—REAL MEAT, selected with EXPERT KNOWLEDGE.

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Seven Days in the Week.

No time lost on Sundays or Holidays, but instead interest runs on automatically when money is deposited in our Savings Department

We'll take the best of care of it after you start to save. But you must make the start and the sooner you start the sooner you can put your money to work where it will work for you.

There is more to this but we would rather you would call and hear it personally.

Don't postpone your visit---come today.

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Total Assets, - $1,500,000.00

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The County National Bank

OF CLEARFIELD, PA.

The Oldest Bank in Clearfield County

STATED ADDITIONS TO SURPLUS

For thirty-five years, at the declaration of each dividend, an addition to the Surplus has been made and th practice of thus strengthening the bank is still regularaly followed. The results of this policy, noted below, are its own best commentary.

Paid in by Stockholders, - - $225,000.00
Saved from Earnings, - - - 865,000.00
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Our Facilities for Serving Customers in Every Department of Banking are Unsurpassed.
We Welcome New Accounts Large or Small.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

World's Greatest Short Stories

(Continued from 2nd page.)

Khaiber with a regular caravan. Who'd touch a poor mad priest? Goodby." And he gave me his hand cautiously.

Carnehan leaned down and shook hands. Then the camels passed away along the dusty road, and I was left alone to wonder. My eye could detect no failure in the disguises. The scene in the Seral attested that they were complete to the native mind.

Ten days later a native friend of mine, giving me the news of the day from Peshawar, wound up his letter with, "There has been much laughter here on account of a certain mad priest who is going in his estimation to sell petty gauds and insignificant trinkets which he ascribes as great charms to H. H. the ameer of Bokhara."

The two, then, were beyond the border. I would have prayed for them, but that night a real king died in Europe and demanded an obituary notice.

PART II.

THE wheel of the world swings through the same phases. Summer passed, and winter thereafter, and came and passed again. The daily paper continued and I with it, and upon the third summer there fell a hot night, a night issue and a strained waiting for something to be telegraphed from the other side of the world, exactly as had happened before. At 3 o'clock I cried, "Print off!" and turned to go, when there crept to my chair what was left of a man. He was bent into a circle, his head was sunk between his shoulders, and he moved his feet one over the other like a bear. "Can you give me a drink?" he whimpered. "For the Lord's sake, give me a drink!"

I went back to the office, the man following with a groan of pain, and I turned up the lamp.

I looked at him intently. Once before had I seen eyebrows that met over the nose in an inch broad black band, but for the life of me I could not tell where.

"I don't know you," I said, handing him the whisky. "What can I do for you?"

He took a gulp of the spirit raw and shivered in spite of the suffocating heat.

"I've come back," he repeated. "And I was the king of Kafiristan—me and Dravot—crowned kings we was! In this office we settled it—you setting there and giving us the books. I am Peachey—Peachey Taliaferro Carnehan, and you've been sitting here ever since—oh, Lord! Poor, poor, Dan, that would never take advice, not though I begged of him!"

"Take the whisky," I said, "and take your own time. Tell me all you can recollect of everything from beginning to end. You got across the border on your camels, Dravot dressed as a mad priest and you his servant. Do you remember that?"

I leaned forward and looked into his face as steadily as I could. He dropped one hand upon the table and I grasped it by the wrist. It was twisted like a bird's claw, and upon the back was a ragged, red, diamond shaped scar.

"No, don't look there. Look at me," said Carnehan.

"You went as far as Jagdallak with that caravan," I said at a venture. "To Jagdallak, where you turned off to try to get into Kafiristan."

"No, we didn't neither. What are you talking about? We turned off before Jagdallak, because we heard the roads was good. But they wasn't good enough for our two camels—mine and Dravot's. When we left the caravan Dravot took off all his clothes and mine too and said we would be heathen, because the Kaffirs didn't allow Mohammedans to talk to them. So we dressed betwixt and between, and such a sight as Daniel Dravot I never saw yet nor expect to see again. That was in a most mountainous country, and our camels couldn't go along any more because of the mountains. They were tall and black, and coming home I saw them fight like wild goats—there are lots of goats in Kafiristan."

"Take some more whisky," I said very slowly. "What did you and Daniel Dravot do when the camels could go no further because of the rough roads that led into Kafiristan?"

"What did which do? There was a party called Peachey Taliaferro Carnehan that was with Dravot. Shall I tell you about him? He died out there in the cold. Slap from the bridge fell old Peachey, turning and twisting in the air like a penny whirligig that you can sell to the ameer

"And then these camels were no use, and Peachey said to Dravot, 'For the Lord's sake let's get out of this before our heads are chopped off.' And with that they killed the camels all among the mountains, not having anything in particular to eat, but first they took off the boxes with the guns and the ammunition till two men came along driving four mules. Dravot up and dances in front of them, singing, 'Sell me four mules.' Says the first man, 'If you are rich enough to buy you are rich enough to rob.' But before ever he could put his hand to his knife Dravot breaks his neck over his knee, and the other party runs away So Carnehan loaded the mules with the rifles that was taken off the camels, and together we starts forward into those bitter cold mountainous parts and never a road broader than the back of your hand."

He paused for a moment while I asked him if he could remember the nature of the country through which he had journeyed.

"I am telling you as straight as I can, but my head isn't as good as it might be. They drove nails through it to make me hear better how Dravot died. We came to a big level valley all among the mountains, and the mules were near dead, so we killed them, not having anything in special for them or us to eat.

"Then ten men with bows and arrows ran down that valley, chasing twenty men with bows and arrows, and the row was tremenjus. They was fair men—fairer than you or me—with yellow hair and remarkable well built. Says Dravot, unpacking the guns: 'This is the beginning of the business. We'll fight for the ten men.' And with that he fires two rifles at the twenty men and drops one of them at 200 yards from the rock where we was sitting. The other men began to run, but Carnehan and Dravot sits on the boxes picking them off at all ranges up and down the valley. Then we goes up to the ten men that had run across the snow, too, and they fires a footy little arrow at us. Dravot he shoots above their heads and they all falls down flat. Then he walks over them and kicks them, and then he lifts them up and shakes 'is all round to make them friend[illegible]ake. He calls them and gives them the boxes to carry and waves his hand for all the world as though he was king already. They takes the boxes and him across the valley and up the hill into a pine wood on the top, where there was half a dozen big stone idols. Dravot he goes to the biggest—a fellow they call Imbra—and lays a rifle and a cartridge at his feet, rubbing his nose respectful with his own nose, patting him on the head and saluting in front of it. He turns round to the men and nods his head, and says: 'That's all right. I'm in the know, too, and all these old jimjams are my friends.' Then he opens his mouth and points down it, and when the first man brings him food he says 'No,' and when the second man brings him food he says 'No,' but when one of the old priests and the boss of the village brings him food he says 'Yes' very haughtily, and eats it slow. That was how we came to our first village."

"Take some more whisky and go on," I said. "That was the first village you came into. How did you get to the king?"

"I wasn't king," said Carnehan. "Dravot he was the king, and a handsome man he looked with the gold crown on his head and all. Him and the other party stayed in that village, and every morning Dravot sat by the side of old Imbra, and the people came and worshiped. That was Dravot's order. Then a lot of men came into the valley, and Carnehan and Dravot picks them off with the rifles before they knew where they was, and runs down into the valley and up again the other side and finds another village, same as the first one, and the people all falls down flat on their faces, and Dravot says, 'Now, what is the trouble between you two villages?' and the people points to a woman, as fair as you or me, that was carried off, and Dravot takes her back to the first village and counts up the dead—eight there was. For each dead man Dravot pours a little milk on the ground and waves his arms like a whirligig and 'That's all right,' says he. Then he and Carnehan takes the big boss of each village by the arm and walks them down into the valley and shows them how to scratch a line with a spear right down the valley and gives each a sod of turf from both sides o' the line. Then we asks the names of things in their lingo—bread and water and fire and idols a[illegible]ch, and Dravot leads the priests o[illegible] village up to the idol and says he must sit there and judge the people, and if anything goes wrong he is to be shot.

"Next week they was all turning up the land in the valley as quiet as bees. 'That's just the beginning,' says Dravot. 'They think we're gods.' He and Carnehan picks out twenty good men and shows them how to click off a rifle and form fours and advance in line. He takes out his pipe and his baccy pouch and leaves one at one village and one at the other, and off we two goes to see what was to be done in the next valley. That was all rock, and there was a little village there, and Carnehan says: 'Send 'em to the old valley to plant,' and takes 'em there and gives 'em some land that wasn't took before. Then Carnehan he went back to Dravot, who had got into another valley, all snow and ice and most mountainous. There was no people there, and the army got afraid, so Dravot shoots one of them and goes on till he finds some people in a village, and the army explains that unless the people wants to be killed they had better not shoot their little matchlocks, for they had matchlocks. We makes friends with the priest and I stays there alone with two of the army, teaching the men how to drill, and a thundering big chief comes across the snow with kettledrums and horns twanging, because he heard there was a new god kicking about. Carnehan sights for the brown of the men half a mile across the snow and wings one of them. Then he sends a message to the chief that unless he wished to be killed he must come and shake hands with me and leave his arms behind. The chief comes alone first, and Carnehan shakes hands with him and whirls his arms about, same as Dravot used, and very much surprised that chief was, and strokes my eyebrows. Then Carnehan goes alone to the chief and asks him in dumb show if he had an enemy he hated 'I have,' says the chief. So Carnehan weeds out the pick of his men and sets two of the army to show them drill, and at the end of two weeks the men can maneuver about as well as volunteers. So he marches with the chief to a great big plain on the top of a mountain, and the chief's men rushes into a village and takes it, we three Martinis firing into the brown of the enemy. So we took that village, too, and I gives the chief a rag from my coat and says, 'Occupy till I come,' which was Scriptural. Then I sends a letter to Dravot, wherever he be, by land or by sea."

At the risk of throwing the creature out of train I interrupted, "How could you write a letter up yonder?"

"The letter? Oh, the letter! Keep looking at me between the eyes, please. It was a string talk letter that we'd learned the way of it from a blind beggar in the Punjab.

"I sent that letter to Dravot and told him to come back because this kingdom was growing too big for me to handle, and then I struck for the first valley to see how the priests were working. They called the village we took along with the chief Bashkai and the first village we took Er-Heb. The priests at Er-Heb was doing all right, but they had a lot of pending cases about land to show me, and some men from another village had been firing arrows at night. I went out and looked for that village and fired four rounds at it from a thousand yards. That used all the cartridges I cared to spend, and I waited for Dravot, who had been away two or three months, and I kept my people quiet. One morning I heard the devil's own noise of drums and horns, and Dan Dravot marches down the hill, with his army and a tail of hundreds of men, and which was amazing—a great gold crown on his head. 'My Gord, Carnehan,' says Daniel, 'this is a tremenjus business, and we've got the whole country as far as it's worth having. I am the son of Alexander by Queen Semiramis, and you're my younger brother and a god too. I've got a crown for you. I told 'em to make two of 'em at a place called Shu, where the gold lies in the rock like suet in mutton. Call up all the priests and, here, take your crown.'

"One of the men opens a black hair bag, and I slips the crown on. It was too small and too heavy, but I wore it for the glory. Hammered gold it was, five pound weight, like a hoop of a barrel.

"'Peachey,' says Dravot, 'we don't want to fight no more. The craft's the trick, so help me!' And he brings forward that same chief that I left at Bashkai—Billy Fish we called him afterward because he was so like Billy Fish that drove the big tank engine at Mach on the Bolan in the old days. 'Shake hands with him,' says Dravot. And I shook hands and nearly dropped, for Billy Fish gave me the grip. I said nothing, but tried him with the fellowcraft grip. He answers, all right, and I tried the master's grip, but that was a slip. 'A fellowcraft he is,' I says to Dan. 'Does he know the word?' 'He does,' says Dan, 'and all the priests know. But they don't know the third degree, and they've come to find out. It's God's truth. A god and a grand master of the craft am I, and a lodge in the third degree I will open, and we'll raise the head priests and the chiefs of the villages.'

"'It's against all the law,' I says, 'holding a lodge without warrant from any one, and we never held office in any lodge'

"'It's a master stroke of policy,' says Dravot. 'The women must make aprons as you show them. I'll hold a levee of chiefs tonight and lodge tomorrow.'

"I was fair run off my legs, but I wasn't such a fool as not to see what a pull this craft business gave us. We took a great square stone in the temple for the master's chair and little stones for the officers' chairs and painted the black pavement with white squares and did what we could to make things regular.

"Dravot gives out that him and me were gods and sons of Alexander and past grand masters in the craft and was come to make Kafiristan a country where every man should eat in peace and drink in quiet and specially obey us. Then the chiefs came round to shake hands, and they was so hairy and white and fair it was just shaking hands with old friends. We gave them names according as they were like men we had known in India—Billy Fish, Holly Dilworth, Pikky Kergan that was bazaar master when I was at Mhow, and so on, and so on.

"The most amazing miracle was at lodge next night. One of the old priests was watching us continuous and I felt uneasy, for I knew we'd have to fudge the ritual, and I didn't know what the men knew. The old priest was a stranger come in from beyond the village of Bashkai. He fetches a whoop and a howl and tries to overturn the stone that Dravot was sitting on. 'It's all up now,' I says. 'That comes of meddling with the craft without warrant!' Dravot never winked an eye, not when ten priests took and tilted over the grand master's chair—which was to say the stone of Imbra. The priest begins rubbing the bottom end of it to clear away the black dirt, and presently he shows all the other priests the master's mark, same as was on Dravot's apron, cut into the stone. Not even the priests of the temple of Imbra knew it was there. The old chap falls flat on his face at Dravot's feet and kisses 'em. 'Luck again,' says Dravot across the lodge to me; 'they say it's the missing mark that no one could understand the why of. We're more than safe now.' After that Peachey and Dravot raised such as was worthy—high priests and chiefs of faroff villages.

PART III.

"I CAN'T tell all we did for the next six months, because Dravot did a lot I couldn't see the hang of. I learned their lingo in a way I never could.

"They were afraid of me and the army, but they loved Dan. He was the best of friends with the priests and the chiefs, but any one could come across the hills with a complaint, and Dravot would hear him out fair and call four priests together and say what was to be done. They sent me with forty men and twenty rifles and sixty men carrying turquoises, into the Ghorband country to buy those handmade Martini rifles that come out of the ameer's workshops at Kabul, from one of the ameer's Herati regiments that would have sold the very teeth out of their mouths for turquoises. We got more than 100 handmade Martinis, 100 good Kohat jezails that'll throw to 600 yards, and 40 man loads of very bad ammunition for the rifles.

"Dravot was too busy to attend to those things, but the old army that we first made helped me, and we turned out 500 men that could drill and 200 that knew how to hold arms pretty straight. Even those corkscrewed, handmade guns was a miracle to them Dravot talked big about powder shops and factories, walking up and down in the pine wood when the winter was coming on.

"'I won't make a nation,' says he. 'I'll make an empire! These men aren't niggers; they're English! Look at their eyes, look at their mouths Look at the way they stand up. They sit on chairs in their own houses. There must be a fair 2,000,000 of 'em in these hills The villages are full o' little children Two million people—250,000 fighting men—and all English! When everything is shipshape I'll hand over the crown—this crown I'm wearing now—to Queen Victoria on my knees, and she'll say 'Rise up, Sir Daniel Dravot.' Oh, it's big! It's big, I tell you! But there's so much to be done in every place—Bashkai, Khawak, Shu and everywhere else. It's a big country, and somehow you can't help me, Peachey, in the way I want to be helped'

"'Go to your blasted priests then!' I said, and I was sorry when I made that remark, but it did hurt me sore to find Daniel talking so superior when I'd drilled all the men and done all he told me.

"'Don't let's quarrel, Peachey,' says Daniel without cursing. 'You're a king too, and the half of this kingdom is yours, but can't you see, Peachey, we want cleverer men than us now—three or four of 'em, that we can scatter about for our deputies. There's another thing, too. The winter's coming and these people won't be giving much trouble and if they do we can't move about. I want a wife.

"'For Gord's sake leave the women alone!' I says. 'We've both got all the work we can do, though I am a fool Remember the contract and keep clear o' women.'

"'The contract only lasted till such time as we was kings, and kings we have been these months past,' says Dravot, weighing his crown in his hand. 'You go get a wife, too, Peachey.'

"'Don't tempt me!' I says. 'I will not have any dealings with a woman, not till we are a dam' site more settled than we are now. Let's lie off a bit and see if we can get some better tobacco from Afghan country and run in some good liquor, but no women.'

"'For the last time of answering I will,' said Dravot, and he went away through the pine trees looking like a big red devil.

"But getting a wife was not so easy as Dan thought. He put it before the council and there was no answer till Billy Fish said that he'd better ask the girls. Dravot d--d them all round. 'What's wrong with me?' he shouts standing by the idol Imbra. 'Am I a dog or am I not enough of a man for your wenches?' He walked out of the council room, and the others sat still, looking at the ground.

"'Billy Fish, says I to the chief of Bashkai, 'what's the difficulty here? A straight answer to a true friend 'You know,' says Billy Fish. 'How should a man tell you who know everything? How can daughters of men marry gods or devils? It's not proper'

"'A god can do anything,' says I 'If the king is fond of a girl he'll not let her die.' 'She'll have to,' said Billy Fish. 'There are all sorts of gods and devils in these mountains, and now and again a girl marries one of them and isn't seen any more. Besides, you two know the mark cut in the stone Only the gods know that. We thought you were men till you showed the sign of the master

"I wished then that we had explained about the loss of the genuine secrets of a master Mason at the first go off, but I said nothing All that night there was a blowing of horns in a little dark temple halfway down the hill, and I heard a girl crying fit to die One of the priests told us that she was being prepared to marry the king 'The girl's a little bit afraid, says the priest She thinks she's going to die, and they are a-heartening of her up down in the temple.'

"'Hearten her very tender then' says Dravot, 'or I'll hearten you with the butt of a gun so that you'll never want to be heartened again'

"I got up very early in the morning while Dravot was asleep, and I saw the priests talking together in whispers and the chiefs talking together too, and they looked at me out of the corners of their eyes

"'What is up, Fish?' I says to the Bashkai man, who was wrapped up in his furs and looking splendid to behold

"'I can't rightly say, says he, 'but if you can induce the king to drop all this nonsense about marriage you'll be doing him and me and yourself a great service.'

"'That I do believe,' says I. 'But sure, you know, Billy, as well as me, having fought against and for us, that the king and me are nothing more than two of the finest men that God Almighty ever made. Nothing more, I do assure you.'

(To be Continued.)

Pointers About Veils.

Many of the new veils are plain or have small designs over the face only. For a veil which may be thrown back the border effects are good. Some veils have a border and a small set motif over the surface.

Shadow and dotted effects are once more being worn. Silk thread designs appear in graceful figures—butterflies, orchids and simpler motifs—on a fine mesh.

Fashion demands that the veil must harmonize with the hat, as does the hat with the costume, not only in color, but in its effect. Thus not one but many veils are necessary, so that one may be smartly and properly veiled for all daytime occasions in the open.

High Coiffure Combs.

The high hairdressing has not become very general yet, but in a few months every one will wear this dignified style. In the meantime every woman whose aim it is to keep in touch with the new fashions when they first appear should become possessed of as many of the high, old fashioned tortoiseshell combs as she can. These picturesque combs can often be picked up quite cheaply at old curiosity shop but they must be bought quickly, for they will soon go up in price. All kinds will be worn, but the high Spanish comb is likely to be the greatest favorite.

Your best Salesmen—The Progress Want-Ads.

WANTED: A Bright Young Man

A long established and reputable house—40 years in business—has an opening in this city for a resident representative. His time will be largely his own; the work is pleasant and agreeable; his profit averages more than 33⅓% on the business done, and previous experience is not essential. This is an ideal opportunity for a young man of good appearance, wide circle of acquaintance and a genuine desire to make good in a profitable field of work.

The earliest reply will receive first consideration.

FOSTER GILROY
206 Lafayette Street
New York

Discouragement Fatal.

The mood of discouragement is a dangerous mood. In it we are liable to do any sort of reckless thing. Discouragement is most terrible when it becomes despair, and each of us faces the possibility of being plunged into it. Unless we have the right kind of strength the possible adversities of life may be too much for us.

Quality Coffee at *Sane Prices*

Old Master and San Marto Coffee

"The Kind With the Flavor"

Now, madam, you may buy *better* coffee at prices that will please. Not *bargain* prices, but *sane* prices—consistent with the high quality of these two world-famous brands—our pride and the pride of Bour Co., the importers. We want you to give one of these a trial. Two grades, at different prices. We back our reputation on the quality of these goods.

(3)

DO IT NOW.

Make a note to include a package of

Royal Lunch TEA

in your grocery order tomorrow. You will find the flavor better than any other, because only the choicest tea leaves are used. It will go farther, because all dust is removed by vacuum process.

ROSS & WOODS

Harvest Equipment

Usually there are a few things still needed, overlooked perhaps until the busy harvest days are upon you, or possibly a breakdown occurs in some part of your equipment during these busy days. What an annoyance not to be able to replace the needed tool or part QUICKLY. Our stock is calculated to meet just such emergencies. If you will write, telephone or wire us your needs we will supply you just as quickly as modern postal and shipping facilities will reach you. Check up and see whether you have sufficient of the following:

Grain Rakes	Grain Cradles
Binder Twine	Single and double Harpoon
Hay Forks	Hay Forks
Grain Forks	Mower and Binder Knife
Knife Guards	Sections and Rivets.
Sickle Bar Grinders	Scythes and Snaths
Scythe Stones	Grind Stones

Manilla rope, all sizes, Plain and Knot Passing Pulleys in Malleable cast or Steel frames, wood or iron Sheaves.

Machine Oil	Oilers
Butt Chains	Trace Chains

Clearfield Hardware Company

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

SIXTEEN-DAY EXCURSIONS

June 25, July 9, 23, Amgust 6, 20, September 3, 1914

$ 8.00 or $10.00 to **Atlantic City, Cape May**

Wildwood, Wildwood Crest, Anglesea, Holly Beach, Ocean City, Sea Isle City, Avalon, Stone Harbor, N J. Rehoboth, Del., and Ocean City, Md

$10.00 or $12.00 to **Asbury Park, Long Branch**

West End, Hollywood, Elberon, Deal Beach, Allenhurst, North Asbury Park, Ocean Grove, Bradley Beach, Avon, Belmar, Como, Spring Lake, Sea Girt, Brielle, Point Pleasent, Manasquan, and Bay Head, N J.

From Clearfield

Tickets at the lower fare good only in Coaches. Tickets at the higher fare good in Parlor or Sleeping Cars in connection with proper Pullman tickets

Special Daylight Train of Parlor Cars and Coaches Through to Atlantic City

Tickets good for passage on Special Train or on trains leaving Pittsburgh at 4 55 P. M., 8 30 P. M., Coaches only, and 8.50 P. M., Sleeping Cars only, and their connections

Stop-Over at Philadelphia and Harrisburg Returning

For leaving time of Special and regular trains, stop-over privileges and full information, consult nearest Ticket Agent, or E. Yungman, Division Passenger Agent, Room 212 Oliver Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
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Wait, Watch For and Attend

Our Great Slaughter-Price Sale of Men's, Women's and Children's Clothing, Furnishings and Shoes

Sale Starts Thursday, July 16

Your Dollars Will Do Double Duty Here

ROBINSON & COMPANY

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

FIGHT FANS WANT BANTAMS MATCHED

Clamoring for Bout Between Williams and Brannigan

(By International News Service)

(BY FRANK G. MENKE.)

New York, July 14—The fight fans just now are clamoring for a battle between Kid Williams, bantam champion, and Patsey Brannigan,oneof the top-notchers in that class, and a man whose past record certainly seems to entitle him to another chance at the title.

Brannigan, who now is under the management of Ed. Fritz, of Newcastle, Pa., battled Williams before the Baltimore youth was champion, fought with Johnny Coulon, while he held the title and fought two battles with Johnny Kilbane, the featherweight champion. And in every one of these fights Brannigan was credited with a draw, although in each case he was from two to seven pounds lighter than his opponent.

Brannigan, who has been called "Whirlwind" Brannigan because of his rushing ring tactics, has fought 350 times, has lost but one decision, and that on points, and has never been floored, which is some record, and one which the fighting public feels entitles Brannigan to another chance at the championship.

Brannigan's friends always have claimed that instead of being given draws in his battles with Coulon and Williams he should have been given the decision, as he outslugged and outfought both men.

"If Brannigan and Williams get together the fans can count of seeing a bang-up fighting exhibition," said Manager Fritz. "Both boys fight from the tap of the gong until the finish; both can hit, and both are skilled boxers. I think my boy Brannigan is the better of the two, and if Williams will give me a match in the fall or early in the winter, I am confident that when the battle is over there'll be another bantam-weight champion—and his name will be Branigan."

A Funny Trick.

Johnny Dougherty has pulled one of the funniest tricks in pugilist history.

Johnny used to manage Al McCoy, who wears the title of middle-weight champion but which title doesn't seem to fit him at all. Johnny managed Al until Dan Morgan, a rival manager came along and weaned Al away from Johnny.

Losing his "champeen" upset Dougherty for a time. Then he thought himself of a brilliant idea. He had in his "stable" a likely looking middleweight named Alexander Theil. Johnny took Theil to court and had him make application for permission to change his name. Permission was granted and Alexander Theil at once changed his name to Al McCoy.

So you see, even though Johnny did lose one Al McCoy he has another and Johnny is telling everybody right now that as soon as he can chip off the rough edges, Alexander Theil—Al McCoy will be able to hammer the daylight out of Danny Morgan managed Al McCoy.

Ahearn Gain Fame Abroad.

Young Ahearn, who wasn't much shucks hereabouts as a middleweight warrior, is being heralded throughout England as "one of the most brilliant boxers of the present day," and as "a man who soon will hold the undisputed championship of the world." Ahearn has made a great hit in England by putting away all the fourth and fifth rate scrappers who have been lined up against him.

Boxing is becoming more popular every day in Australia, declares Snowy Baker, the Australian promoter, in a recent communication to friends here. Baker says that the whole island is all het up over the question of which man is the better in the middleweight division—Jimmy Clabby, Eddie McGoorty or JeffSmith Baker has written Billy Murry, the California middleweight, to hurry to Australia and mix in the elimination bouts that are soon to be arranged to decide, from Australia's viewpoint, which man is the best in the world.

Baker's idea is to match up the four men, the winners of semi-final bouts to meet in the championship scrap. Baker declared that such a bout would bring a record gate.

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS

National League.

New York, 2; Chicago, 4.
Boston, 8; St. Louis, 7.
Brooklyn- Pittsburgh—Rain.
Philadelphia-Cincinnati—Rain.

American League.

Chicago, 2; New York, 1; 1st game.
Chicago, 1; New York, 3; 2nd game.
Cleveland. 0; Boston, 2.
St. Louis-Philadelphia, called end of 3rd, rain.
Detroit, 0; Washington, 3.

Federal League.

Pittsburgh, 0; Brooklyn, 1.
St. Louis, 0; Chicago, 6; 1st game.
St. Louis, 5; Chicago, 1; 2d game.
Buffalo, 10; Baltimore, 6; 1st game
Buffalo, 2; Baltimore, 6; 2nd game.
Indianapolis, 5; Kansas City, 3.

Bigler Defeats Stoneville.

The game of baseball at Stoneville on Saturday resulted in a 3-1 victory for Bigler. Owing to the weather there was not a very good turnout but the few hundreds (?) that were there saw a very good game of ball. Saturday, July 18, Wallaceton will play at Stoneville and a good game is promised. Game called at 3 o'clock.

Winburne Wins Game.

One of the scrappiest baseball games of the season was played at Winburne on Saturday when Morrisdale went down there with a big bunch of rooters and played a return game, the result being 2 to 1 in favor of Winburne

Meritt and Broncho were the batteries for Winburne and Ball and Howe for Morrisdale. This evens up the series, each club having a game to its credit. There will be something doing at the next game, as there is quite a rivalry between the two towns

May Defend Cup.

Newport, R.I., July1 5—After three interesting trial races, the contenders for the America's cup defense. Defiance, Resolute and Vanitie Sunday spent a day in harbor, while the committee on selection pondered on their problem. Several more races will be sailed this week and by next Sunday the committee members expect to have a wealth of information to assist them in arriving at a decision as to which boat shall meet the Shamrock IV.

An Infant Swimmer.

Philadelphia, July 15 — Florence McLaughlin, of the First regiment swimming pool, who is only 10 years old, but has made quite a reputation as a swimmer, Sunday afternoon distinguished herself by swimming from Race street wharf in the Delaware river to the Riverton Yacht club pier, a distance of 9½ miles, in 3 hours, 22 minutes and 25 seconds, part of the journey being made in very rough water.

Hugh Leonard wrestling instructor of the New York Athletic club, New York, was struck by lightning on his farm near Belfast, N. Y., during an electrical storm and killed instantly. He was 46 years of age and leaves three daughters.

WILL PAY WARRANTS FOR AUTO MONEY

Auditor General Powell Makes a Statement

Harrisburg, July 14 — We will honor warrants for autoombile license money that comes in hereafter, saidAuditor General Powell yesterday in speaking of the action of Justice Mestrezat, of the supreme court, in denying a supersedeas in the mandamus suit broght byt he attorney general to compel payment of this money to the state highway commissioner, which was decided against Auditor General Powell and State Treasurer Young in two cases.

The action of Justice Mestrezat makes way for argument of the case in the supreme court at the October session to be held in Philadelphia, and the case will go to the head of the argument list

"But," added Auditor General Powell, "any warran tpresented must be based on the questions raised in the two cases decided by Dauphin county court I do not say that we will pay every warrant, for each warrant stands on its own base. The highway commissioner will get his 'unlucky thirteenth million,' if the warrants are right. The disposition of the entire amount will rest with the supreme court."

This assertion of Auditor General Powell is taken to mean that the million in the auto license fund, which was said was held up by the auditor general and state treasurer, will bepaidtoo, if the warrants are correct, but they will be very carefully scanned by the two financial officers in every particular.

Until the higher court has rendered a decision nothing is absolutely fixed Highway Commissioner Bigelow was not here yesterday, so that his action in issuing arrants to go ahead with work of repairs on the roads could not be learned, but it is said he will proceed as soon as he is assured that there will be no further delays.

FURNISHED and unfurnished rooms for light housekeeping. Also furnished rooms for romers, 306 Market street. Inquire Pollock's Bargain store. 7 14 1w.

WANTED—A cook at the Witmer Inn. Jul 14, 5t.

HOUSE WANTED—Small with modern conveniences—Address—E.E. care of the Progress.

Subscribe for the Progress.

NEW OPERA HOUSE

FEATURING THE BIG UNIVERSAL PROGRAM TO-NIGHT, JULY... 14th

Another chance to see J. Warren Kerrigan in

"A 20th Century Pirate"

Also three other fine Photo Plays on this Program

"WHERE GOD WILLS" "ON THE VERGE"

"IT'S A BOY"

Follow the crowd to the New Opera House

Repairing! REPAIRING Repairing!

We repair almost everything: Sewing machines, washing machines, lawn mowers, umbrellas, bicycles, guns, revolvers, electrc lights, locks, cash registers, adding machines, and hundreds of other things. Our repair men are experienced and the charges are reasonable.

Oppo. Witmer Inn **HARDER'S GUN WORKS** Clearfield, Penn'a.

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THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

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TERROR REIGNS IN MEXICO CITY

Impending Attack by Rebels Fills People With Fear

HUERTA IS DRINKING HEAVILY

Dictator May Abdicate Tomorrow—Refugees Appeal for Special Trains In Which They May Escape from the Capital Before the Constitutionalists Attack it—Carranza Will Not Treat With Huerta Representatives

(By International News Service)

Mexico City, July 14—The impending attack of this city by Constitutionalist troops is creating terror here.

The government is besieged for special trains to carry refugees to the coast.

The public fears are heightened by the official admission or the war office that Guadalajara has been evacuated.

Huerta Drinking Heavily.

Vera Cruz, July 14.—Dispatches from Mexico City indicate that Huerta is again drinking heavily. The dictator is wavering between desertion and escape or whether to remain and fight his enemies to the end. The British consul Mutchison expects Huerta to announce his retirement tomorrow.

Huerta May Quit Tomorrow.

Washington, July 14—The Brazilian Minister to Mexico, who is caring for the interests of the United States in that country, today telegraphed the state department that the resignation of General Huerta in favor of Francisco Carbajal, the newly appointed minister of foreign affairs, was expected tomorrow.

Minister Suarez, of Chili, one of the three mediators, anticipating the retirement of Huerta sought in an informal talk with Secretary Bryan to learn what the attitude of the United States would be toward the Carbajal government. While the Washington government will not recognize Carbajal, Minister Suarez learned that the American government was not disinclined to treat informally with the new administration until a transfer of power to the Constitutionalists could be effected.

Carranza Objects.

General Carranza has notified the United States through John R. Silliman formerly American consul at Saltillo and now personal representative of President Wilson there, that under no circumstances would he sanction a conference with representative of General Huerta to draft terms of peace. He told Mr. Silliman that only the unconditional surrender of the authorities at Mexico City would be accepted.

Mr. Siliman in his report Monday spoke in complimentary term of Carranza and said his reception by the Constitutionalist chief was most cordial. General Carranza explained in engage in peace parleys with Huerta detail why it would be impossible to delegates, as originally proposed by the South American mediators at Niagara Falls. The Constitutionalist chief said he had consulted all his generals, and their unanimous opinion was that the plan of Guadalupe, providing that he himself as president ad interim take military possession of Mexico City, be carried out to the letter.

Carranza assured the American representative that the Constitutionalist forces soon would enter Mexico City and maintain order there. The suggestion was made by Carranza that the Huerta forces surrender unconditionally, and that he would give ample guarantee for the protection of life and property.

FINE FIRE RECORD FOR SIX MONTHS

Only One Serious Blaze Since First of Present Year

In the matter of serious fires Clearfield has of late been most fortunate. During the first half of 1914 but eight alarm or a case where a little judgeach of these has been either a false alarm or a case where a little judgement and a bucket of water would have been sufficient to obviate calling out the entire department, with the single exception of a fire in the Raftman's Journal office on the evening of February 11, which did damage to the amount of over $1000.

According to the records kept by the secretary of the fire department, the following are the dates on which citizens have heard the dread sound of the big whistle, up to July 1.

Sunday, January 4, third ward, false alarm.

Wednesday, February 11—Alarm at 7:50 P. M., First ward. Fire in the Raftman's Journal office; extinguished by Company No. 1. with chemical tanks; damage about $1000.

February 12—Fourth ward, false alarm.

February 21—Fourth ward, false alarm.

March 23—Third ward, false alarm

March 24—Fourth ward, false alarm.

June 19—Third ward; slight fire at Jennie Dale's millinery store; no damage; no service required.

June 25—First ward; fire in woodshed at residence of George R. Bigler; little damage; no service required.

Working on the Roof.

The addition to the Lutheran church has progreesed finely and the workmen are now ready to lay the slate on the roof.

THE WEATHER.

(By International News Service)

Cloudy tonight and Wednesday; probably showers.

ATTEMPT MADE TO POISON WIFE OF DOCTOR CARMAN

(By International News Service)

New York, July 14—Sheriff Pettit began his investigation into an alleged plot to poison Mrs. Carman A letter containing a white powder supposedly strychnine was received by Mrs. Carman in the Mineola jail, with a scrawling sheet of paper on which was written, "take one dose of this and you will feel all right."

The authorities refused to discuss the matter before the powder is analyzed and the work or tracing the letter has been started. Mrs. Carman turned the letter and contents over to her husband.

'My wife received a letter containing a white powder, which I believe is strychnine", admitted Dr. Carman. "We have not the faintest idea who was the sender.

The prosecution is limited before the grand jury to show the actions of the murdered woman from the time of leaving her home to the tragedy. Dr. William H. Runcie who was called in by Dr. Carman the night of the tragedy, was the most important witness before the grand jury.

"I was eating dinner the night of June 30," said Dr. Runcie,"when Dr. Carman telephoned, 'come right over; something terrible has happened.' I hurryed over and found Archie Wallace assisting Platt Conklin, (Mrs. Carman's father) from an automobile. Cecilia Coleman, a maid was standing on the lawn. The body of Mrs. Bailey was lying on a couch in the doctor's office. Dr. Carman was very much agitated and exclaimed, 'A terrible thing has happened,' Later he exclaimed, "This is a devil of a note'. Then he advised me to go up stairs and quiet the women.

Mrs. Carman was upstairs in negligee and bare feet. Seeing me she started forward, saying sharply: "Dr. Runcie, something has happened in my husband's office.' Then she exclaimed: 'Oh doctor; I am so worried. I placed a dictograph in the doctor's office. What will the people say? They will be suspicious of him."

William Bailey, husband of the slain woman, and the victim's mother, Mrs. Jennie Duryea, testified that they were unaware that Mrs. Bailey had gone to Dr. Carman's office. The husband testified that he did not know his wife as ill.

OLD BOSSES WILL BE TURNED OUT

Progressives Will Prevent Lame Ducks Regaining Control

HOPEFUL VIEW OF ELECTIONS

Congressman Heinebaugh Declares Progressive Party Will Hold Balance of Power in Congress After the November Elections — Party Well Organized in 36 States.

Washington, July 14—Representative William H. Hinebaugh, of Illinois, chairman of the Progressive party's congressional campaign, has issued a statement declaring the Progressives would control the balance of power in many state legislatures, in the house of representative and possibly in the United States senate after the elections this fall.

Mr. Hinebaugh asserted that the same men who controlled the Republican national convention in 1912 are now attempting to ride back into power on the wave of disapproval of Democratic failure. That they will be prevented from doing so by the activity of his party is his belief.

"The Progressive party," said Mr. Hinebaugh, "will elect senators in Pennsylvania, Illinois, Washington, Kansas, Indiana and Ohio. It has an excellent chance in California, South Dakota, Vermont and New York. The party will also break the solid south this year, through the victory of several of its candidates in the Louisana congressional districts. Election of a Progressive in the third Louisiana is a certainty."

Cannot Settle Conflict.

Mr. Hinebaugh said that the Republican party was formed because of the conflict between the foes of human slavery and the slave aristocracy A similar conflict, he says, is now raging in this country between the foes of industrial slavery and the aristoc-

(Continued on 3rd page.)

NEW ORDERS IN LICENSE CASES

Judge Bell Hands Down Important Decrees Relating Thereto

HOTELS MUST BE SANITARY

Every Hostelry Must be Shown to be in a Proper and Safe Condition as to Fire Escapes—Rule 5, Relating to Wholesalers, is Modified by the Court.

Judge Bell Monday afternoon handed down two orders of court relating to liquor licenses, one regarding retail applications and the other modifying the order of court relative to wholesale dealers.

The order of interest to retailers is as follows:

Now to wit. July 13, 1914, it is ordered that each applicant for a retail license hereafter heard by the court shall present satisfactory evidence that the premises for which license is asked are in a sanitary condition. In all districts where there is an organized board of health the certificate of the health officer or of the secretary of the board must be obtained, or failure so to do satisfactorily accounted for.

Each of such applicants shall also present satisfactory evidence that his hotel is in a proper and safe condition as to fire escapes, and also as to electric wiring and other sources from which accidental fires may occur The certificate of the deputy factory inspector will be accepted as to matters falling within his jurisdiction.

Modified Wholesale Order.

Prior to the granting of licenses last March, Judge Bell issued a set of rules governing the business of wholesalers. One of these rules—No. 5—was as follows:

Distilleries, breweries and wholesalers shall sell to licensed dealers without any restrictions as to quan-

(Continued on 3rd page.)

DID MRS. HALL KILL HUSBAND?

Trying to Clear Mystery of a Virginia Murder

MERCHANT SHOT IN HIS STORE

His Wife Placed on Trial in Virginia Court Today, and Case Promises to Rival That of Mrs. Louise Bailey, Which is Being Investigated by the Authorities of New York City.

(By International News Service)

Louisa, Va., July 14—Mrs. Victor Hall was put on trial here today for the murder of her husband, Victor Hall, a prominent merchant of Green Springs, Va., who was mysteriously shot in his store on April 15. Hill Carter, who defended Henry Clay Beattie for wife murder, is one of the counsel for the accused woman and not since the Beattie case has this state been so wrought up over a criminal case

A fe hours before the shooting of Hall, the store of W. R. Dunkum,, his business rival, a short distance away, was burned to the ground. Hall and Dunkum were on friendly terms Hall had at one time been a clerk in Dunkum's store

Mrs Hall was a Mrs. Dunkum before she married Hall, being several years his senior. She has two grown daughters by her first husband, a brother of W. R Dunkum Mrs. Hall and Dunkum were not on good terms.

Mrs. Hall says that several hours after the fire there was a knock on her door. She and her husband occupied quarters over the store Mr. Hall got up to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. She says that she heard a pistol shot just as the door opened Hall had entered the rear of the store, according to his wife, and was going to the front door She says that when the shot was fired her husband cried out, "Oh, Lord" Mrs Hall says that she got a pillow and placed his head on it and then got a sheet or blanket to cover him up He died without ever regaining consciousness. So far as known, Hall had no enemies and there is not any motive for the crime.

Following the Dunkum fire and the killing of Hall, there were a number f other fires. Two attempts were made to burn the Hall store, but both fires were extinguished. Mrs Hall was indicted for murder, but was not allowed to remain in the county, being directed by the judge to remain away til she should come for trial She was bailed in the sum of $5,000 and among her bondsmen are her father-in-law and several of the best known men of the section in which she made her home.

The state will contend that Mrs. Hall shot her husband while he lay in bed and then dragged his body

(Continued on 3rd page.)

LABOR DAY

It Will be Celebrated in Clearfield in Appropriate Manner.

There will be an up-to-date celebration of Labor Day in Clearfield. The Boosters club is arranging a number of amusements for the day.

A water carnival will be held on the river at 8 o'clock in the evening which will be free to the public.

Watch this paper for further announcements.

Rapchock Out on Bail.

Mike Rapchock, who, in a drunken fight, choked to death his brother-in-law, George Swansiger, at Morrisdale the night of July 4, has been released on $400 bail.

YOUTH CHARGED WITH PASSING BAD CHECKS

Said to be Related to Ex-Secretary of State Knox

(By International News Service)

Pittsburgh, July 14—Frank Knox Hockman aged 32 years, who states that his mother is a niece of former secretary of state, Philander Knox, was held by the court on charges of passing bogus checks amounting to $500.

Police say Hockman arrived recently from his home in Knox, Pa., became infatuated with a Northside beauty and lavished money in buying gifts for her. He started the fake checks when his "roll" was exhausted.

AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT

DuBois Citizen Badly Bruised When His Car Turned Turtle.

While out yesterday trying his auto after some repairs to it E. W. Webster was pinned under the car when it overturned on South Brady street near Haag's store and badly bruised. W. R. Lukehart, of Carson's garage, who was driving the car at the time, escaped uninjured. The accident occurred about 5 o'clock while the car was running about seven miles an hour.—DuBois Courier.

Real Estate Transfers.

Mary H. Sommerville to Olsen Miriet, land in Cooper. $50.

Ellis S Irwin to James W. Barratt, land in Clearfield. $250

George R. Bigler to James Whittaker, land in Decatur $170

Theo. B. Patton to Frank Katerer, land in Bigler $21

Theo. B. Patton to John Najda, land in Gulich. $50

Theo. B. Patton to John Najda, land in Gulich $50

Theo B Patton to Jeferino Poney land in Gulich $50

Baby Girl Born.

A bady girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles O'Neal, at their home on Nichols street, last evening.

HEAVY DEATH ROLL FROM HEAT WAVE IN RUSSIA

(By International News Service)

St. Petersburg, Russia, July 13.—Russia is prostrated by the worst heat wave in a half century. Forest fires are raging and there is a huge death roll. The moors are burning and many villages have been wiped out. Fearful damage has been done to crops and the suffering of the people is intense.

Five thousand soldiers are fighting forest peat fires in an effort to prevent the destruction of the Schlusselburg dynamite factory at Neva.

An army of peasants throughout Russia is diging trenches and blasting lanes to prevent the spread of the flames. Burned bridges, poles and wires are paralyzing traffic. Famine is threatened from annihilation of the crops. The money damage is many millions.

People in the fire patch are seeking refuge along the lakes and rivers. Pillars or heavy smoke are hanging over many cities. The temperature is 100 at midnight and 110 and 125 at midday.

The Red Cross may have to launch a huge plan of international succor for people who are petitioning czar for relief.

BURGLAR TRAP KILLS BOY

The authorities learned yesterday of the death Sunday at Barnesboro, of Thoams Cochran, aged 8 years, as the result of a burglar trap.

According to the story told to the Coroner, A. W Lawson, a merchant, placed a loaded shotgun that when a door leading from the cellar to the store wasopened the gun would be discharged The boy's body was found just outside the door, with a heavy charge of shot in his lungs

Lost Purse Found.

Miss Lillian Moore, daughter of Prothonotory J. H. Moore, lost a silver beaded purse this morning, containing about $24. After a prolonged search the purse was found in Leonardson's store, one of the clerks having laid it up when she found it lying on the counter.

He Had Appendicitis.

Glenn Schnarrs the dairyman, was operated on by Dr. Lever F. Stewart at the hospital. Mr. Schnarrs was suffering from appendicitis. His condition is serious.

ELOPERS CAUGHT

A Sykesville Infant Runs Away With a Young Man.

John Worman, aged 18 years and Edna Smith, aged 13, created considerable excitement in Sykesville Sunday afternoon when it became known that they had eloped. Their attempt to get married, however, was nipped in the bud when they were taken into custody Sunday evening at Indiana, just as they were about to board a car for Blairsville, there to take a train for Pittsburgh.

Surprised by Friends.

Roy Johnson and family, who are camping near the Clearfield creek bridge, were surprised Monday night when about forty friends descended upon them. Refreshments were served at midnight and all report having had a most enjoyable time

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS

Officers Installed by Deputy Grand Chancellor Young.

On Monday night, July 13, Deputy GrandC hancellor D. W Young installed the following officers of Clearfield Lodge, No 305, Knights of Pythias

Chancellor commander — Wayne Burge .

Vice hancellor—S. Boyd Smith

Prela —A F Lawhead

Master of work—H A Walker

Keeper of records and seal—Paul A Dietzel

Master of finance—E W. Brown.

Master of exchequer—F B Row.

Master at arms—W M Henderson

Inner guard—E V Brown

Outer gard—H. S Shafer

Representative—Geo D Runk.

Trustees—John H. Martin, H A Walker and G D. Runk

NEW HAVEN DIRECTORS ARE CALLED CRIMINALS

(By International News Service)

Washington, July 14—In a drastic, even bitter report on the financial operations of the New York New Haven and Hartford railroad company, sent to the senate yesterday, the Interstate Commerce Commission holds that the New Haven directors were "criminally negligent," and indicates that it expects them to be prosecuted under the criminal statutes.

The commission with this in view has furnished copies of the testimony taken in its investigation to the department of justice.

The directors of the New Haven system are scored by the commission, because, so the commission, says, they "actually or passively acquiesced in the efforts of the Mellen-Morgan-Rockefeller regime to extend the domination of this corporation over the whole transportation fields of New England."

These directors, the commission asserts, were guilty of a "gross dereliction of duty and a breach of trust that was morally wrong and criminal in its fruits."

The commission calls for their civil and criminal prosecution.

Concering political contributions, the report says:

"The New Haven railroad has no politics. It was Democratic inDemocratic states and Republican in Republican states. As Mr. Mellen testified, its effort was always to 'get under the best umbrella'. Payments made for political purposes totaled a large sum."

Await Official Report.

New York, July 14—District Attorney Whitman's office is awaiting the Interstate Commerce Commission's official report recommending the prosecution of the New Haven directors. Whitman's attitude is arousing intense interest, as the malpractices of many roads come within the jurisdiction of the local supreme court

The point is emphasized that the statute of limitations might prevent the punishment of those responsible for the acts denounced by the Interstate Commerce commission. There is persistent talk in Wall street that the only method of rehabilitation lies in a New Haven receivership.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
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World's Greatest Short Stories

No. V.

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING

RUDYARD KIPLING

By Rudyard Kipling

IRVIN S. COBB

Twenty-four famous authors were asked recently to name the best short story in the English language. The choice of Irvin S. Cobb, was "The Man Who Would Be King," by Rudyard Kipling. Three other noted authors think this is the best short story.

PART I.

THE beginning of everything was in a railway train upon the road to Mhow from Ajmir. There had been a deficit in the budget, which necessitated traveling not second class, which is only half as dear as first class, but by intermediate, which is very awful indeed.

My particular intermediate happened to be empty till I reached Nasirabad, when a huge gentleman in shirt sleeves entered and, following the custom of intermediates, passed the time of day. He was a wanderer and a vagabond like myself, but with an educated taste for whisky. He told tales of things he had seen and done, of out of the way corners of the empire into which he had penetrated and of adventures in which he risked his life for a few days' food.

My friend wanted to send a telegram back from the next station to Ajmir, which is the turning off place from the Bombay to the Mhow line as you travel westward. My friend had no money beyond 8 annas, which he wanted for dinner, and I had no money at all owing to the hitch in the budget before mentioned.

"Did you say you are traveling back along this line within any days?" asked he.

"Within ten," I said.

"Can't you make it eight?" said he. "Mine is rather urgent business"

"I can send your telegram within ten days if that will serve you," I said.

"I couldn't trust the wire to fetch him, now I think of it. It's this way: He leaves Delhi on the 23d for Bombay. That means he'll be running through Ajmir about the night of the 23d."

"But I'm going into the Indian desert," I explained.

"Well and good," he said. "You'll be changing at Marwar Junction to get into Jodhpore territory—you must do that—and he'll be coming through Marwar Junction in the early morning of the 24th by the Bombay mail. Can you be at Warwar Junction that time? I would take it more than kind of you if you was to come out of central India in time to catch him at Marwar Junction and say to him, 'He has gone south for the week.' He'll know what that means. He's a big man with a red beard, and a great swell he is. You'll find him sleeping like a gentleman with all his luggage round him in a second class compartment. I ask you as a stranger—going to the west," he said with emphasis.

"Where have you come from?" said I.

"From the east," said he, "and I am hoping that you will give him the message on the square—for the sake of my mother as well as your own."

Englishmen are not usually softened by appeals to the memory of their mothers, but for certain reasons, which will be fully apparent, I saw fit to agree.

"I'll give the message if I catch him," I said, "and for the sake of your mother as well as mine I'll give you a word of advice. Don't try to run the Central India states just now as the correspondent of the Backwoodsman There's a real one knocking about here, and it might lead to trouble."

"Thank you," said he simply. "And when will the swine be gone? I can't starve because he's ruining my work. I wanted to get hold of the Degumber Rajah down here about his father's widow and give him a jump."

"What did he do to his father's widow, then?"

"Filled her up with red pepper and slippered her to death as she hung from a beam. I found that out myself, and I'm the only man that would dare going into the state to get hush money for it. But you'll give the man Marwar Junction my message?"

He got out at a little roadside station. When I left the train I did business with divers kings, and in eight days passed through many changes of life.

Then I headed for the great Indian desert upon the proper date as I had promised, and the night mail set me down at Marwar Junction

The Bombay mail from Delhi makes a short halt at Marwar. She arrived as I got in, and I had just time to hurry to her platform and go down the carriages. There was only one second class on the train. I slipped the window and looked down upon a flaming red beard, half covered by a railway rug.

"Tickets again?" said he.

"No," said I. "I am to tell you that he is gone south for the week. He is gone south for the week!"

The train had begun to move out. The red man rubbed his eyes. "He has gone south for the week!" he repeated. "Now, that's just like his impidence. Did he say that I was to give you anything? 'Cause I won't."

"He didn't," I said and dropped.

Later on I reflected that two gentlemen like my friends could not do any good if they foregathered and personated correspondents of newspapers, and might, if they "stuck up" one of the little rat trap states of central India or southern Rajputana, get themselves into serious difficulties. I therefore took some trouble and succeeded, so I was later informed, in having them headed back from the Degumber borders.

Then I became respectable and returned to an office where there were no kings and no incidents except the daily manufacture of a newspaper. A newspaper office seems to attract every conceivable sort of person, to the prejudice of discipline. But that is the amusing part of the year. There are other six months wherein none ever come to call and the thermometer walks inch by inch up to the top of the glass.

It was in that season, and a remarkably evil season, that the paper began running the last issue of the week on Saturday night, which is to say Sunday morning, after the custom of a London paper.

One Saturday night it was my pleasant duty to put the paper to bed alone. It was a pitchy black night, as stifling as a June night can be, and the loo, the redhot wind from the westward, was booming among the tinder dry trees and pretending that the rain was on its heels. It was a shade cooler in the pressroom than the office, so I sat there while the type ticked and clicked and the night jars hooted at the windows and the all but naked compositors wiped the sweat from their foreheads and called for water.

Then the roar and rattle of the wheels shivered the quiet into little bits. I rose to go away, but two men in white clothes stood in front of me The first one said, "It's him!" The second said, "So it is!" And they both laughed almost as loudly as the machinery roared and mopped their foreheads. The smaller of the two was the man I had met in the Mhow train, and his fellow was the red bearded man of Marwar Junction.

I was not pleased, because I wished to go to sleep, not to squabble with loafers "What do you want?" I asked.

"Half an hour's talk with you cool and comfortable in the office," said the red bearded man. "We'd like some drink—the contrack doesn't begin yet. Peachey, so you needn't look—but what we really want is advice. We don't want money. We ask you as a favor, because you did us a bad turn about Degumber."

I led from the press room to the stifling office with the maps on the wall, and the red haired man rubbed his hands. "That's something like," said he. "This was the proper shop to come to. Now, sir, let me introduce you to Brother Peachey Carnehan, that's him, and Brother Daniel Dravot, that is me, and the less said about our profession the better, for we have been most things in our time. Carnehan is sober, and so am I We'll take one of your cigars apiece, and you shall see us light"

I watched the test The men were absolutely sober, so I gave them each a tepid peg.

"Well and good," said Carnehan of the eyebrows, wiping the froth from his mustache. "Let me talk now, Dan We have decided that India isn't big enough for such as us."

They certainly were too big for the office Carnehan continued. "The country isn't half worked out because they that governs us won't let you touch it Therefore, such as it is, we will let it alone and go away to some other place where a man isn't crowded and can come to his own We are not little men, and there is nothing that we are afraid of except drink, and we have signed a contrack on that Therefore we are going away to be kings."

"Kings in our own right," muttered Dravot.

"Yes, of course," I said. "You've been tramping in the sun, and it's a very warm night, and hadn't you better sleep over the notion?"

"Neither drunk nor sunstruck," said Dravot "We have slept over the notion half a year and require to see books and atlases, and we have decided that there is only one place now in the world that two strong men can Sar-a-whack. They call it Kafiristan. By my reckoning it's the top right hand corner of Afghanistan, not more than 800 miles from Peshawar. They have two and thirty heathen idols there, and we'll be the thirty-third. It's a mountainous country, and the women are very beautiful."

"But that is provided against in the contrack," said Carnehan. "Neither women nor liqu-or, Daniel."

"And that's all we know, except that no one has gone there, and they fight, and in any place where they fight a man who knows how to drill men can always be a king. We shall go to those parts and say to any king we find. 'D'you want to vanquish your foes?' and we will show him how to drill men, for that we know better than anything else. Then we will subvert that king and seize his throne and establish a dy-nasty."

"You'll be cut to pieces before you're fifty miles across the border," I said. "You have to travel through Afghanistan to get to that country. Are you at all in earnest?"

"A little," said Dravot sweetly. "Now, as big a map as you have got, even if it's all blank where Kafiristan is, and any books you've got. We can read, though we aren't very educated."

I uncased the big thirty two miles to the inch map of India and two smaller frontier maps, hauled down volume Inf-kan of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, and the men consulted them.

"See here!" said Dravot, his thumb on the map. "Up to Jagdallak, Peachey and me know the road. We was there with Roberts' army We'll have to turn off to the right at Jagdallak, through Laghmann territory; then we get among the hills—14,000 feet—15,000. It will be cold work there, but it don't look very far on the map."

I smoked while the men pored over Raverty, Wood, the maps and the Encyclopaedia.

"There is no use your waiting," said Dravot politely. "It's about 4 o'clock now. We'll go before 6 o'clock if you want to sleep, and we won't steal any of the papers. When we've got our kingdom in going order we'll let you know, and you can come up and help us to govern it."

"Would two lunatics make a contrack like that?" asked Carnehan with subdued pride, showing me a greasy half sheet of note paper on which was written the following. I copied it then and there as a curiosity:

This contrack between me and you persuing witnesseth in the name of God—Amen and so forth

One—That me and you will settle this matter together—i e, to be Kings of Kafiristan

Two—That you and me will not, while this matter is being settled, look at any liquor, nor any woman black white or brown, so as to get mixed up with one or the other harmful.

Three—That we conduct ourselves with dignity and discretion, and if one of us gets into trouble the other will stay by him

Signed by you and me this day.
Peachey Taliaferro Carnehan
Daniel Dravot
Both Gentlemen at Large

I left them still poring over the maps and making notes on the back of the "contrack." "Be sure to come down to the Serai tomorrow to say goodby," were their parting words.

The Kumharsen Serai is the great four square sink of humanity where the strings of camels and horses from the north load and unload In the afternoon I went down there to see whether my friends intended to keep their word or were lying about drunk

A priest attired in fragments of ribbons and rags stalked up to me, gravely twisting a child's paper whirligig Behind him was his servant, bending under the load of a crate of mud toys The two were loading up two camels and the inhabitants of the Serai watched them with shrieks of laughter.

"The priest is mad," said a horse dealer to me. "He is going up to Kabul to sell toys to the ameer. He will either be raised to honor or have his head cut off. He came in here this morning and has been behaving madly ever since."

"From Roum have I come," shouted the priest, waving his whirligig—"from Roum, blown by the breath of a hundred devils across the sea! Who will take the protected of God to the north to sell charms that are never still to the amir? Ho! Hazar Mir Khan," he yelled to his servant, "drive out the camels, but let me first mount my own"

He leaped on the back of his beast as it knelt and, turning round to me, cried, "Come, thou, also, sahib, a little along the road and I will sell thee a charm, an amulet that shall make thee king of Kafiristan"

Then the light broke upon me, and I followed the two camels out of the Serai till we reached open road, and the priest halted.

"What d'you think o' that?" said he in English. "Carnehan can't talk their patter, so I've made him my servant He makes a handsome servant. 'Tisn't for nothing that I've been knocking about the country for fourteen years Didn't I do that talk neat? We'll hitch on to a caravan at Peshawar till we get to Jagdallak, and then we'll see if we can get donkeys for our camels and strike into Kafiristan Whirligigs for the ameer, O Lord! Put your hand under the camel bags and tell me what you feel"

I felt the butt of a Martini and another and another.

"Twenty of 'em," said Dravot placidly, "twenty of 'em, and ammunition to correspond under the whirligigs and the mud dolls"

"Heaven help you if you are caught with those things," I said "A Martini is worth her weight in silver among the Pathans."

"Fifteen hundred rupees of capital—every rupee we could beg, borrow or steal—are invested on these two camels," said Dravot. "We won't get caught. We're going through the

(Continued on 7th page.)

The Clearfield Progress

With a view to giving the people of Clearfield and vicinity the best that can be obtained in the way of a live wire up-to-the-minute newspaper, printed at home, by home people, The Clearfield Progress has added a number of new features, some of which have appeared, and others that will follow in a few days.

One of the most important of these features is the new daily

Telegraph Service

which comes to the **Progress** exclusively, and positively contains good live news that will not be found in the larger city papers until the following morning.

And just as important as this new service is the new Intertype composing machine which is about three to four times faster that the machine formerly used, and about five times faster than the hand method.

The Intertype

is capable of ten lines of type, a column wide every minute and the new machine is in operation in the front window of the Progress plant where any one who wishes may see it work.

The Local News

is covered, or reported by a very efficient corps of news gatherers, both in Clearfield and the surrounding towns, and additions are to be made in this department in a very short time.

Mutt and Jeff

the world famous cartoons by "Bud" Fisher will start soon time this week and are sure to be enjoyed by all-both old and young.

Daily Illustrations

of timely events will also go to make this your big home newspaper.

Railroad Department

will also be of interest to the men who run the trains, telling them of the happenings of their craft both at home and in other places.

Sporting News

of interest to the Sport Fans is cared for by a competent man, and will be accompanied by bright, newsy pictures, and a real live Sport letter each day by Frank Menke, one of the greatest writers of Sports today.

Clean Spicy Editorials

Society news, Personal Mention, of your coming and going and in fact everything of real news value will be found in

The Clearfield Progress

If you are not a subscriber, now is just the time to get in on the ground floor and get the benefit of all these new features of your newspaper.

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The Adventures of Kathlyn

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Illustrated by Pictures from the Moving Picture Production of the Selig Polyscope Co.

(Copyright by Harold MacGrath)

The rusty metal sides of the ship scraped against the pier and the gangplank was lowered; and presently the tourists flocked down with variant emotions, to be besieged by fruit sellers, water carriers, cabmen, blind beggars, and maimed, naked little children with curious, insolent black eyes, women with infants straddling their hips, stolid Chinamen: a riot of color and a bewildering babel of tongues.

Kathlyn found a presentable carriage, and with her luggage pressing about her feet directed the driver to the Great Eastern hotel.

Her white sola-topee (sun helmet) had scarcely disappeared in the crowd when the Hindu of the freight caboose emerged from the steerage, no longer in bedraggled linen trousers and ragged turban, but dressed like a native fop. He was in no hurry. Leisurely he followed Kathlyn to the hotel, then proceeded to the railway station. He had need no longer to watch and worry. There was nothing left now but to greet her upon her arrival, this golden houri from the verses of Sa'adi. The two weeks of durance vile among the low castes in the steerage should be amply repaid. In six days he would be beyond the hand of the meddling British Raj, in his own country. Sport! What was more beautiful to watch than cat play? He was the cat, the tiger cat. And what would the Sahib Colonel say when he felt the claws? Beautiful, beautiful, like a pattern woven in an Agra rug.

Kathlyn began her journey at once.

Kathlyn on Her Way to Allaha.

Now that she was on land, moving toward her father, all her vigor returned. She felt strangely alive, exhilarated. She knew that she was not going to be afraid of anything hereafter. To enter the strange country without having her purpose known would be the main difficulty. Where was Ahmed all this time? Doubtless in a cell like his master.

Three days later she stood at the frontier, and her servant set about arguing and bargaining with the mahouts to engage elephants for the three days' march through jungles and mountainous divides to the capital. Three elephants were necessary. There were two howdah elephants and one pack elephant, who was always lagging behind. Through long aisles of magnificent trees they passed, across hot, blistering deserts, dotted here and there by shrubs and stunted trees, in and out of gloomy defiles of flinty rock, over sluggish and swiftly flowing streams. The days were hot, but the nights were bitter cold. Sometimes a blue miasmic haze settled down, and the dry, raspy hides of the elephants grew damp and they fretted at their chains.

Rao, the khitmatgar Kathlyn had hired in Calcutta, proved invaluable. Without him she would never have succeeded in entering the strange country; for these wild-eyed Mahomedan mahouts (and it is pertinent to note that only Mahomedans are ever made mahouts, it being against the tenets of Hinduism to kill or ride anything that kills) scowled at her evilly. They would have made way with her for an anna-piece. Rao was a Mahomedan himself, so they listened and obeyed.

All this the first day and night out. On the following morning a leopard crossed the trail. Kathlyn seized her rifle and broke its spine. The jabbering of the mahouts would have amused her at any other time.

"Good, memsahib," whispered Rao. "You have put fear into their devils' hearts. Good! Chup!" he called. "Stop your noise."

After that they gave Kathlyn's dog tent plenty of room.

One day, in the heart of a natural clearing, she saw a tree. Its blossoms and leaves were as scarlet as the seeds of a pomegranate.

"O, how beautiful! What is it, Rao?"

"The flame of the jungle, memsahib. It is good luck to see it on a journey."

About the tree darted gay parrakeets and fat green parrots. The green plumage of the birds against the brilliant scarlet of the tree was indescribably beautiful. Everywhere was life, everywhere was color. Once, as the natives seated themselves of the evening round their dung fire while Kathlyn busied with the tea over a wood fire, a tiger roared near by. The elephants trumpeted and the mahouts rose in terror. Kathlyn ran for her rifle, but the trumpeting of the elephants was sufficient to send the striped cat to other hunting grounds. Wild ape and pig abounded, and occasionally a caha wriggled out of the sun into the brittle grasses. Very few beasts or reptiles are aggressive; it is only when they feel cornered that they turn. Even the black panther, the most savage of all cats, will rarely offer battle except when attacked.

Meantime the man who had followed Kathlyn arrived at the city.

Five hours later Kathlyn stepped out of her howdah, gave Rao the money for the mahouts, and looked about. This was the gate to the capital. How many times had her father passed through it? Her jaw set and her eyes flashed. Whatever dangers beset her she was determined to meet them with courage and patience.

"Rao, you had better return to Calcutta. What I have to do must be done alone."

"Very good. But I shall remain here till the memsahib returns." Rao salaamed.

"And if I should not return?" affected by this strange loyalty.

Then I shall seek Bruce Sahib, who has a camp 20 miles east."

"Bruce? But he is in Singapore!" —a quickening of her pulses.

"Who can say where Bruce Sahib is? He is like a shadow, there today, here tomorrow. I have been his servant, memsahib, and that is how I am today yours. I received a telegram to call at your hotel and apply to you for service. Very good. I shall wait. The mahout here will take you directly to Hare Sahib's bungalow. You will find your father's servants there, and all will be well. A week, then. If you do not send for me I seek Bruce Sahib, and we shall return with many. Some will speak English at the bungalow."

"Thank you, Rao. I shall not forget."

"Neither will Bruce Sahib," mysteriously. Rao salaamed.

Kathlyn got into the howdah and passed through the gates. Bruce Sahib, the quiet man, whose hand had reached out over seas thus strangely to reassure her! A hardness came into her throat and she swallowed desperately. She was only twenty-four Except for herself there might not be a white person in all this sprawling, rugged principality. From time to time the new mahout turned and smiled at her curiously, but she was too absorbed to note his attentions.

Durga Ram, called lightly Umballa, went directly to the palace, where he knew the Council of Three solemnly awaited his arrival. He dashed up the imposing flight of marble steps, exultant. He had fulfilled his promise; the golden daughter of Hare Sahib was but a few miles away. The soldiers, guarding the entrance, presented their arms respectfully; but instantly after Umballa disappeared the expression on their faces was not pleasing.

Umballa hurried along through the deep corridor, supported by exquisitely carved marble columns. Beauty in stone was in evidence everywhere and magnificent brass lamps hung from the ceiling. There was a shrine topped by an idol in black marble, incrusted with sapphires and turquoises. Durga Ram, who shall be called Umballa, nodded slightly as he passed it. Force of habit, since in his heart there was only one religion—self.

He stopped at a door guarded by a single soldier, who saluted but spat as soon as Umballa had passed into the throneroom. The throne itself was vacant. The Council of Three rose at the approach of Umballa.

"She is here," he said haughtily.

The Council salaamed.

Umballa stroked his chin as he gazed at the huge candles flickering at each side of the throne. He sniffed the Tibetan incense, and shrugged. It was written. "Go," he said, "to Hare Sahib's bungalow and await me. I shall be there presently. There is plenty of time. And remember our four heads depend upon the next few hours. The soldiers are on the verge of mutiny, and only success can pacify them."

He turned without ceremony and left them. With oriental philosophy they accepted the situation. They had sought to overturn him, and he held them in the hollow of his hand. During the weeks of his absence in America his spies had hung about them like bees about honey. They were the fowlers snared.

Umballa proceeded along the corridor to a flight of stairs leading beneath the palace floor. Here the soldiers were agreeable enough; they had reason to be. Umballa gave them new minted rupees for their work, many rupees. For they knew secrets. Before the door of a dungeon Umballa paused and listened. There was no sound. He returned upstairs and sought a chamber near the harem. This he entered, and stood with folded arms near the door.

"Ah, Colonel Sahib!"

"Umballa?" Colonel Hare, bearded, unkempt, tried to stand erect and face his enemy. "You black scoundrel!"

"Durga Ram, sahib. Words, words; the patter of rain on stone roofs. Our king lives no more, alas!"

"You lie!"

"He is dead. Dying, he left you this throne—you, a white man, knowing it was a legacy of terror and confusion. You knew. Why did you return? Ah, pearls and sapphires and emeralds! What? I offer you this throne upon conditions."

"And those conditions I have refused."

"You have, yes, but now—" Umballa smiled. Then he suddenly blazed forth: "Think you a white man shall sit upon this throne while I live? It is mine. I was his heir."

"Then why didn't you save him from the leopard? I'll tell you why. You expected to inherit on the spot, and I spoiled the game. Is that not true?"

"And what if I admit it?" truculently.

"Umballa, or Durga Ram, if you wish, listen. Take the throne. What's to hinder you? You want it. Take it and let me begone."

"Yes, I want it; and by all the gods of Hind I'll have it—but safely. Ah! It would be fine to proclaim myself when mutiny and rebellion stalk about. Am I a pig to play a game like that? Tch! Tch!" He clicked his tongue against the roof of his mouth in derision. "No; I need a buckler till all this roily water subsides and clears."

"And then, some fine night, Hare Sahib's throat? I am not afraid of death, Umballa. I have faced it too many times. Make an end of me at once or leave me to rot here, my answer will always be the same. I will not become a dishonorable tool. You have offered me freedom and jewels. No; I repeat, I will free all slaves, abolish the harems, the buying and selling of flesh: I will make a man of every poor devil of a coolie who carries stones from your quarries."

Umballa laughed. "Then remain here like a dog while I put your golden daughter on the throne and become what the British Raj calls prince consort. She'll rebel, I know; but I have a way." He stepped outside and closed the door.

"Umballa?"

"Well?"

"Kit, my daughter? Good God, what is she doing here when I warned her?" Hare tugged furiously at his chains. "Durga Ram, you have beaten me. State your terms and I will accept them to the letter. . . . Kit, my beautiful Kit, in this hell hole!"

"Ah, but I don't want you to accept now. I was merely amusing myself." The door shut and the bolt shot home.

Hare fell upon his knees. "My head, my head! Dear God, save me my reason!"

* * * * *

When Kathlyn arrived at the animal cages of her father she called for Ahmed.

"My father?"

"Ah, memsahib, they say he is dead. I know not. One night—the second after we arrived—he was summoned to the palace. He never came back."

"They have killed him!"

"Perhaps. They watch me, too; but I act simple. We wait and see."

Kathlyn rushed across the ground intervening between the animal cages and the bungalow. There was no one in sight. She ran up the steps . . . to be greeted inside by the suave Umballa.

"You?" her hand flying to her throat.

"I, Miss Hare." He salaamed, with a sweeping gesture of his hands.

Sadly the wretch told her the tale; the will of the king, his death, and the subsequent death of her father in his, Durga Ram's, arms. Yonder urn contained his ashes. For the first time in her young life Kathlyn fainted. She had been living on her nerves for weeks, and at the sight of that urn something snapped. Daintily Umballa plucked forth the packet and waited. At length she opened her eyes.

"You are a queen, Miss Hare."

"You are mad!"

"Nay; it was the madness of the king. But mad kings often make laws which must be obeyed. You will accuse me of perfidy when I tell you all. The note which brought you here was written by me and substituted for this."

Dully Kathlyn read; "Kathlyn—If not heard from, I'm held captive in Allaha. The royal title given to me by the king made me and my descendants direct heirs to the throne. Do not come to Allaha yourself. Destroy sealed document herewith.

"FATHER."

The Council of Three entered noiselessly from the adjoining room. At the four dark, inscrutable faces the bewildered girl stared, her limbs numb with terror. Gravely the council told her she must come with them to the palace.

"It is impossible!" she murmured. "You are all mad. I am a white woman. I cannot rule over an alien race whose tongue I cannot speak, whose habits I know nothing of. It is impossible. Since my father is dead, I must return to my home."

"No," said Umballa.

"I refuse to stir!" She was all afire of a sudden: the base trickery which had brought here here! She was very lovely to the picturesque savage who stood at her elbow.

As he looked down at her, in his troubled soul Umballa knew that it was not the throne so much as it was this beautiful bird of Paradise which he wished to cage.

"Be brave," he said, "like your father. I do not wish to use force, but you must go. It is useless to struggle. Come."

She hung back for a moment; then, realizing her utter helplessness, she signified that she was ready to go. She needed time to collect her stunned and disordered thoughts.

Before going to the palace they conducted her to the royal crypt. The urn containing her father's ashes was deposited in a niche. Many other niches contained urns, and Umballa explained to her that these held the ashes of many rulers. Tears welled into Kathlyn's eyes, but they were of a hysterical character.

"A good sign," mused Umballa, who thought he knew something of women, like all men beset with vanity. Oddly enough, he had forgotten all about the incident of the lion in the freight caboose. All women are felines to a certain extent. This golden-haired woman had claws, and the day was coming when he would feel them drag over his heart.

From the crypt they proceeded to the palace zenana (harem), which surrounded a court of exceeding beauty. Three ladies of the harem were sitting in the portico, attended by slaves. All were curiously interested at the sight of a woman with white skin, tinted like the lotus. Umballa came to a halt before a latticed door.

"Here your majesty must remain till the day of your coronation."

"How did my father die?"

"He was assassinated on the palace steps by a Mahomedan fanatic. As I told you, he died in my arms."

"His note signified that he feared imprisonment. How came he on the palace steps?"

"He was not a prisoner. He came and went as he pleased in the city." He bowed and left her.

Alone in her chamber, the dullness of her mind diminished and finally cleared away like a fog in a wind. Her dear, kind, blue-eyed father was dead, and she was virtually a prisoner, and Winnie was all alone. A queen! They were mad, or she was in the midst of some hideous nightmare. Mad, mad, mad! She began to laugh, and it was not a pleasant sound. A queen, she! Kathlyn Hare! Her father was dead, she was a queen, and Winnie was all alone. A pale of laughter brought to the harem ladies many wondering eyes. The slave women shuddered in displeasure. Those outside the harem saw this marvelous white-haired woman, with hair like the gold thread in Chinese brocades, suddenly throw herself upon a pile of cushions, and they saw her shoulders rock and heave, but heard no sound of weeping.

After a while she fell asleep, a kind of dreamless stupor. When she awoke it was twilight in the court. The doves were cooing and fluttering in the cornices and the cockatoo was preening his breast-color'd feathers. At first [illegible] but the least idea where she was, but the light beyond the lattices [illegible] and the tumult [illegible] of Kathlyn.

She sat perfectly still, slowly gathering her strength, mental and physical. She was [illegible] daughter for nothing. She was to fight in some strange warfare, instinctively she felt this; but from what direction, in what shape, only God knew. Yet she must prepare for it; that was the vital thing; she must marshal her forces, feminine and only defensive, and watch.

Rao! Her hands clutched the pillows. In five days' time he would be off to seek John Bruce; and there would be white men there, and they would come to her though a thousand legions of these brown men stood between. She must play for time; she must pretend docility and humility, meet guile with guile. She could get no word to her faithful khitmatgar; none here, even if open to bribery, could be made to understand. Only Umballa and the council spoke English or understood it. She had ten days' grace; within that time she hoped to find some loophole.

Slave girls entered noiselessly. The hanging lamps were lit. A tabaret was set before her. There were quail and roast kid, fruits and fragrant tea. She was not hungry, but she ate.

Within a dozen yards of her sat her father, stolidly munching his chupattis, because he knew that now he must live.

* * * * * * *

One of the chief characteristics of the East Indian is extravagance. To outvie each other in celebrations of births, weddings, deaths and coronations they beggar themselves. In this the oriental and the occidental have one thing in common. This principality was small, but there was a deal of wealth in it because of its emerald mines and turquoise pits. The durbar

The Al Fresco Throne of Allaha.

brought out princes and princelings from East, South and West, and even three or four wild-eyed amirs from the North. The British government at Calcutta heard vaguely about this fete, but gave it scant attention for the simple fact that it had not been invited to attend. Still it watched the performance severely. Usually durbars took months of preparation; this one had been called into existence within ten days.

Elephants and camels and bullocks; palanquins, ekkarris, tongas; cloth of gold and cloth of jewels; color, confusion, and jostling noises, and more color. There was very little semblance of order; a rajah preceded a princeling, and so on down. The wailing of reeds and the muttering of kettle drums; music, languorous, haunting, elusive, low minor chords seemingly struck at random, intermingling a droning chant; a thousand streams of incense, crossing and recrossing; and fireworks at night, fireworks which had come all the way from China by caravan—these things Kathlyn saw and heard from her lattice.

The populace viewed all these manifestations quietly. They were perfectly willing to wait. If this white queen proved kind they would go about their affairs, leaving her in peace; but they were determined that she should be no puppet in the hands of Umballa, whom they hated for his cruelty and money leeching ways. O, everything was ripe in the state for murder and loot—and the reaching, bolding hand of the British Raj.

As Kathlyn advanced to the canopied dais upon which she was to be crowned, a hand filled with flowers reached out. She turned to see Ahmed.

"Bruce Sahib," she whispered.

Ahmed salaamed deeply as she passed on. The impression that she was dreaming again seized her. This could not possibly be real. Her feet did not seem to touch the carpets; she did not seem to breathe; she floated. It was only when the crown was placed upon her head that she realised the reality and the finality of the proceedings.

"Be wise," whispered Umballa, coldly. "If you take off that crown now, neither your gods nor mine could save you from that mob down yonder. Be advised. Rise!"

She obeyed. She wanted to cry out to that sea of bronze faces: "People, I do not want to be your queen. Let me go!" They would not understand. Where was Rao? Where was Bruce? What of the hope that now flickered and died in her heart, like a guttering candle light? There was a small dagger hidden in the folds of her white robe; she could always use that. She heard Umballa speaking in the native tongue. A great shouting followed. The populace surged.

"What have you said to them?" she demanded.

"That her majesty had chosen Durga Ram to be her consort and to him now forthwith she will be wed." He salaamed.

So the mask was off! "Marry you? O, no! Mate with you, a black?"

"Black?" he cried, as if a whiplash had struck him across the face.

"Yes, black of skin and black of heart. I have submitted to the farce of this durbar, but that is as far as my patience will go. God will guard me."

"God?" mockingly.

"Yes, my God and the God of my fathers!"

To the mutable faces below she looked the queen at that instant. They saw the attitude, but could not interpret it.

"So be it. There are other things besides marriage."

"Yes," she replied proudly; "there is death."

CHAPTER III.

The Two Ordeals.

Umballa was not a coward; he was only ruthless and predatory after the manner of his kind. A thrill of admiration tingled his spine. The women of his race were chattels, lazy and inert, without fire, merely drudges or playthings. Here was one worth conquering, a white flame to be controlled. To bend her without breaking her, that must be his method of procedure. The skin under her chin was as white as the heart of a mangosteen, and the longing to sweep her into his arms was almost irresistible.

A high priest spoke to Kathlyn.

"What does he say?" she asked.

"That you must marry me."

"And if I refuse!"

(To be Continued.)

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TO DARKEN HAIR APPLY SAGE TEA

Look Young! Bring Back Its Natural Color, Gloss and Thickness.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea with sulphur and alcohol added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant, remove every bit of dandruff, stop scalp itching and falling hair. Just a few applications will prove a revelation if your hair is fading, gray or dry, scraggly and thin. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get the ready-to-use tonic costing about 50 cents a large bottle at drug stores, known as "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy", avoiding a lot of muss.

While wispy, gray, faded hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it does it so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant.

Patience Personified.

The man who shot himself only after he had married his eighth wife must have been astonished at his own moderation.

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For Sale—I have three new Oliver Typewriters Model No. 5, never been boxed since received from The Oliver Typewriter company, which I will sell for $50.00 each. K. G., care of the Progress. 1t.

WANTED—A good bus route for 2 up-to-date buses; will carry 25 passengers each; prefer route on level macadamized road; any information given us will be rewarded. Write J.S. care of the Progress.

WANTED—Ford touring car, state cash price and full particulars. Write K 3, The Progress.

LOST—A Russett Leather Bill Fold Wednesday evening probably at chautauqua, containing $10 to $15. Liberal reward—B. J. care of Progress. 7 10 tf.

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FOR SALE—New mown timothy hay. $12 per ton. Call 179 H. & C. Phone. Jul. 6 2w.

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J. A. RHONE,—Carpenter and Contractor. Prompt work. Estimates cheerfully furnished. Care H. E. Fisher, West Side, ———Phone. Jul. 9 3t.

Dr. F. D. Leipold, Dentist, will be absent from his office until Monday, July 20. July 13—6t.

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IMPORTANT DATES.

Presbyterian day, Lakemont park, Altoona, July 16.

Reopening of African M. E. church, West Side, Sunday, July 19.

Methodist day, Lakemont park, Altoona, July 30.

Big picnic at New Millport, July 30.

Lutheran Day at Lakemont park, July 29.

Baptist outing at Lakemont park, July 24.

Lansberry family reunion, Mineral Springs park, Woodland, August 8.

National Star Spangled Banner centennial, Sept. 6 to 13.

Labor day, September 7.

Columbus day, October 12.

Thanksgiving day, November 26.

Christmas, December 25.

Tuesday, July 14, 1914.

Washington State Ticket

United States Senator.

Gifford Pinchot, Pike county.

Governor.

William Draper Lewis, Philadelphi

Lieutenant Governor.

Percy F. Smith, Allegheny county.

Secretary of Internal Affairs.

Fred E. Lewis, Lehigh county.

Congress-at-Large.

Lex N. Mitchell, Jefferson county.

Arthur J. Rupley, Cumberland county.

Anderson H. Walters, Cambria county.

Harry Watson, Mercer county.

Washington District Ticket

Congress—21st District.

Guy B. Mayo, McKean county.

Senator—34th District.

Alonzo S. Moulthrop, Clearfield county.

Washington County Ticket

Earl G. Boose Brady township.

Edward Lippart, Lawrence township.

Albertus G. Woodward, Curwensville.

WHY?

Why should the spirit of mortal be proud when he knows that even the highest priced automobile may get balky far from home?

Good evening! Be glad that you are not a member of congress and have to sit at work in such weather as this.

HUERTA TO QUIT.

It is announced that Dictator Huerta is willing to resign and get out of Mexico, fearing that when the troops he has been sending against the rebels discover that he has been postponing his retirement until he has piled up several million dollars with which to live in luxury in some foreign land they will take his life. But Huerta says he will not resign unless he can dictate whom his successor shall be.

Just at this time it might be difficult to find any safe and sane Mexican who is willing to take up the reins of government after the country has rid itself of Huerta. There are so many rebel chiefs who believe that they are capable of ruling Mexico that no matter who sits in the presidential chair he will face revolutions and dissatisfactions similar to what that country has witnessed in the past quarter of a century.

ALL COMING TO IT.

It was noticed that the more prominent speakers and lecturers at the Clearfield chautauqua last week injected a strong sentiment in favor of progressivism in their addresses. These men were not exploiting any particular organization They had been engaged to deliver lectures to the chautauqua crowds and the subjects they chose to discuss were selected with a view to giving consideration for the views and opinions of the people.

That the people are aroused to the necessity for a change in the political situation in this country no one who has come in touch with the thinking voters can deny. It is evident that the people have made up their minds to put an end to political bossism, and while this reform cannot be accomplished in a day or a year it will eventually be brought about through the awakening moral sense of the nation. Political corruption is no longer looked upon as a pardonable crime.

Despite the assertions of the Republican and Democratic press, progressivism is sweeping through the country. Special privilege recognizes this fact, and in Pennsylvania Senator Penrose, servant of the Standard Oil company and other beneficiaries of special privilege, faces defeat for re-election and seeks to prevent his retirement from politics by entering into an alliance with one of the Democratic factions of the state. The defeat of Penrose this year would advance the cause of progressivism at least ten years.

The candidate who doesn't know where he stands on the liquor question will sit at home after the election

It takes brains to be a booster; any idiot can make a noise with a hammer.

Get your hunters' license early and avoid the rush of hunters from the big cities.

Join the Boosters club in making Clearfield hum on Labor day.

There'll be something doing in this old town on Labor day, all right.

Those were crop-saving rains, all right.

A THRILLING TALE

"The Heir Apparent to the Witch's Throne of Local Interest.

In the days when witches were carefully cultivated in every village, the ignorant people always began casting about for her successor, particularly when she began to grow old. The neighborhood must have someone upon whom to place the blame in case the stock died or the crops went wrong, so they attached the stigma upon some one person the minute the old witch passed into the beyond.

In Clearfield this usually common occurrence once led to a romance and a series of remarkable happenings which quite eclipse all other witch stories. There is the strangest factor in a witch story, love to make it humanly, real thrillingly exciting. Emily Wayne was the heroine in spite of her witch's illfame. Her innotence and the love of a strong young man, who cared nothing for the gossip of the foolish and ignorant, are the tender phases in "The Heir Apparent to the Witch's Throne," a romance appearing in the Sunday North American, July 19.

There is, in adition, mystery, adventure and griping climaxes enough for any lover of excitement. This is sure to become one of the most popular of the Romances From Pennsylvania History which have been appearing each week in the Sunday North American. If you have been reading them, you will know what this means; if you have not, don't miss another one of the series.

In order to avoid disappointment, place your order at once with the local agent, or drop a postal to Circulation Department of The North American.

Curious Old Laws.

Some of the old laws of Nepal, India, were curious. Killing cows ranked with murder as a capital offense, for instance Every girl at birth was married with great ceremony to a betel fruit, which was then cast into a sacred stream. As the fate of the fruit was uncertain the girl was supposed never to become a widow To obtain divorce from a husband a wife had only to place a betel nut under his pillow and depart. In Nepal the day is considered to begin when it is light enough to count the tiles on the roof or to distinguish the hairs on a man's hand against the sky.—Westminster Gazette.

Lime Long Used as Fertilizer.

Lime was one of the earliest materials used to improve soil, being mentioned in the writings of Plato and Pliny.

IN THE MOVIES

"A Twentieth Century Pirate," which will be shown at the New opera house tonight, is a real live story. Jack Farrell, rich dilletante and a dreamer, is in love with Penelope Summers an athletic young girl who longs for an ideal young man. Jack courts Penelope in the most approved manner, but she rejects him. Following the refusal, Jack throws himself into the pursuit of his favorite hobby, genealogy, employing an expert to aid him, and traces back certain branches of his family.

Arriving at the remote age in the annals of the Farrell family the genealogist makes a startling discovery—he finds that Jack's forefather was hanged for piracy, Jack dismisses the genealogist. His family pride has been wounded. He thinks of himself as the offspring of a desperate buccaneer, and the great idea changes his whole life. What follows you should see at the opera house tonight.

"When God Wills" is a strong photoplay which will be shown at the opera house tonight. It has a deep thought which will make you think of what you see.

If you're feeling cross this evening the comic motion pictures, "It's a Boy", will cure you of the grouchy feeling. It is one of humor after another to the end, a funny laughter producing film.

One of the Frontier photoplays that are so popular will be shown at the opera house this evening, "On the Verge." From beginning to end this photo play will hold your attention.

Goodness gracious! does Governor Walsh look like a matinee idol of the movies? At least one Bostonian thinks so. When the governor recently made the memorable trip to the Prince school he entered one of the class rooms. Before the teacher could introduce him,the governor put this query to the pupils:

"Which one of you knows my name"

One youngster away back in the room shot his hand into the air and snapped his figers, fairly shouting:

"Yes, sir; I know. King Baggot!" triumphantly shouted the boy.

In a jiffy the lad's smile changed to a sheepish fadeway look when a score of other pupils jumped up saying:

"It's the governor."

"Well," said the sad faced lad, "he certainly is a dead ringer for the movie actor."

Jack Blythstone, new director of joker comedies, with Bess Meredyth as leading lady and Earnest Shields as leading man, is now producing a slapstick entitled "The Third Party" at the West Coast studios.

STILL MANY MINERS IDLE

President Gilday Says Mining Conditions Might be Improved.

Patrick Gilday, president of district No. 2 of the U. M. W. of A., is in town today. President Gilday reports that work is picking up all over the district, but that there is still room for bettered conditions. There is a stoppage of work at the mill shaft at Portage. Work has been suspended at No. 19 Pee Wee mine over the election of a checkwayman. Four or five collieries in the district, which were thrown out of work April 1, are still idle. This leaves about 1000 men idle in the district.

The executive board of district No. 2 will meet tomorrow.

Stough Going to DuBois.

Evangelist Stough,the noted evangelist, will conduct meetings in DuBois for a period of six weeks beginning in September.

Laboring Men's Picnic.

A basket picnic will be held by the laboring men of Stoneville on Saturday, July 25. Baseball morning and afternoon. Everybody welcome.

Sewing Club to Meet.

The sewing club will meet tomorrow evening at the Leitzinger farm, if the weather is favorable.

Mention the Proress when writing.

ORDER A CASE TODAY

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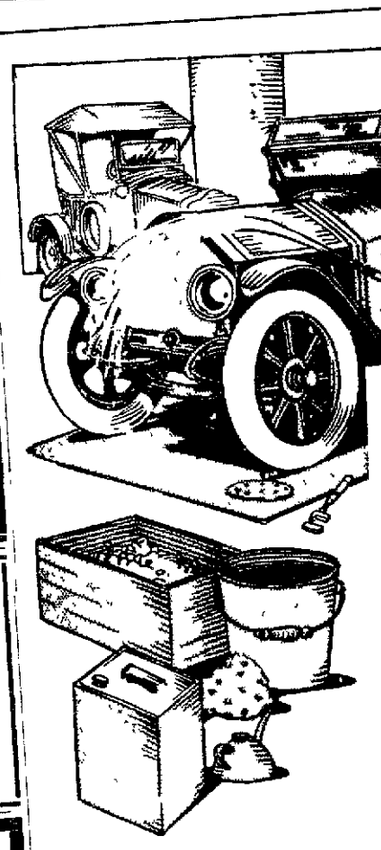

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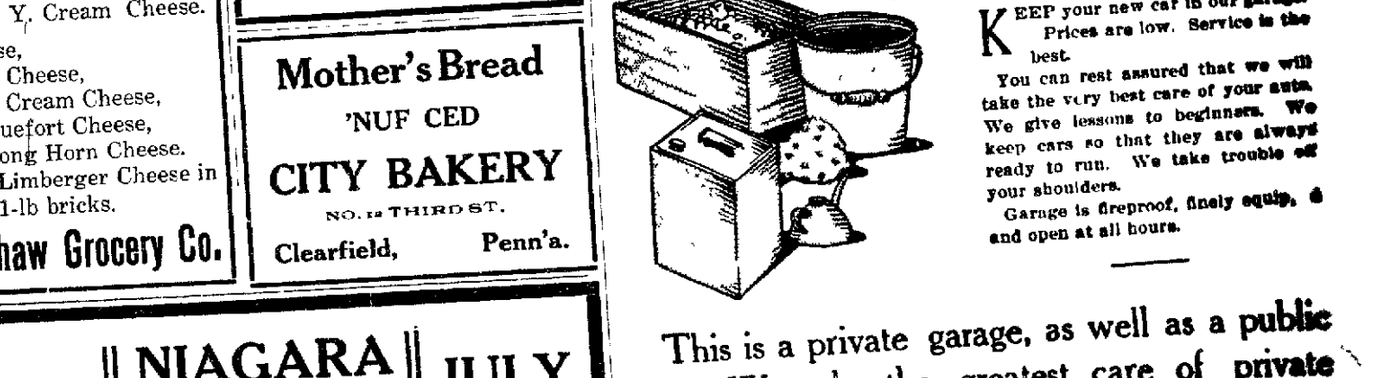

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PERSONAL MENTION

Tuesday, July 14, 1914

Richard Barrett, of Bloomsburg, is visiting relatives in town this week.

E. L. Davis, of Ramey, attended to business affairs in Clearfield Monday

K. A. Sloppy, of New Millport, spent yesterday with friends in town.

Thomas A. Pride, of Smithmill, was a business caller in Clearfield on Monday.

C. F. Flegal, of Goshen, was admitted to the hospital last evening for treatment.

Mrs. Waple and her daughter, Catherine, are visiting at the home of D. W. Speck.

Mrs. George McCullough and her son Boyd returned last evening from a trip to Oregon.

R. M. Reed, register and recorder was called to DuBois on official business this morning.

Mr ', Mrs. John Hazel and daughter, Pr · la, spent Sunday with relatives at · Morrisdale.

Charles Bangert, of DuBois, spent the morning attending to business affairs at the court house.

David Bailey, of Morrisdale, spent yesterday in Clearfield, attending to business affairs and greeting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. William Vipond left yesterday to spend the summer in Montana because of Mrs. Vipond's ill health.

Miss Jennie Carlson of Daisy street returned to her home yesterday after spending a week with friends in DuBois.

Mrs. S. V. Wilson, Harold Wilson, Misses Ellen Row, Louise Wright and Agnes Weaver motored to DuBois on Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Levis Read and little Gertrude spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs Aloysius Beauseigneur, at Lecontes Mills.

Mrs. Bertha Foster, of Streator, Ill., and Miss Selvy Hoover, of Hyde City, were the guests of Mr, and Mrs. S. A. Croyle over Sunday.

Rev. M. C. Kintenflegal, of Lumber City, stopped in Clearfield with his family this morning on their way to visit relatives in Goshen.

C. J. Butler, the past week visiting at the home of his son, W. A. Butler, on Pine street, returning to his home in Cherry Tree this morning.

Dallas Guppy has been brought home from the Clearfield Memorial hospital, where he has been a patient for the past week, yesterday.

Mr and Mrs. A. H. Wodward, of Locust street, left this morning to visit their son and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Woodward in Colorado.

Misses Carrie and Augusta Mitchell, accompanied by Mrs. F. H. Reese of Punxsutawney, motored to that place on Sunday. Mrs. Reese had been visiting Clearfield relatives last week.

M. E. Ranet, the hustling young editor of the Barnesboro Star, with his wife are visiting at the home of Mrs. Eunice Kline, on Fifth street.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Eckbert are visiting friends in DuBois.

NEW ORDERS IN LICENSE CASES

(Continued from 1st page)

tity or manner of delivery; but as to all other persons no sale of more than one case of bottled beer or one-fourth of a barrell of beer or one quart of distilled or vinous liquor or alcohol, shall be made to any person on any one day, and no alchol or distilled or vinous liquor shall be delivered to the purchaser, except at the place of the seller or by a common carrier, delivery of such liquors by wagons being prohibited.

Monday afternon Judge Bell handed down a modication of this rule, as follows:

Rule is Suspended.

Now to wit, July 13, 1914, it having been made evident that the invasion of the county by outside dealers has defeated the purpose of this court in attempting to secure a record of all sales of liquor not for consumption on the premises and there being no licenses of this kind granted except on the borders of the county deliveries from the outside are readily made so much of rule No. 5 as restricts the quantity which may be sold to any person on any one day is suspended as to distilled or vinous liquors until further order of court.

Threatened to Kill Wife.

George Mashgo, a Slav, was brought from DuBois and lodged in jail yesterday afternoon, charged with assault and battery and threats to kill his wife.

T. J. Allen.

It was T. J. Allen, not F. L. Allen, who was released from the county jail yesterday.

Marriage Licenses.

John W Woznok, of Winburne, and Bertha Killner, of Cooper.

DID MRS. HALL KILL HUSBAND

(Continued from 1st page)

to the store. It is contended that had he been shot by robbers or intruders he could not have fallen between the counter and wall as was reported. They also contend that he would not have been able to have placed a lighted lamp, which he carried, on the counter.

OLD BOSSES WILL BE TURNED OUT

(Continued from 1st page)

racy of wealth, perpetuated and intrenched in power by means of corrupt political bosses, and as a result the new party was born and daily is gaining strength.

"Neither the Democratic nor the Republican party can settle that conflict," he said. "The Republican party by reason of the infidelity and treachery of its leaders, stands before the country as the party of lost opportunity on all three of the great issues in which the people are vitally interested —tariff, currency and trusts.

"The dismal failure of the Democratic party to make good its promises, together with its repudiation of its solemn platform pledges, has emboldened the Hale-Burleigh machine in Maine; the Crane-Weeks machine in Massachusetts; the Brandegee-Aldrich-Lippitt machine in Connecticut and Rhode Island; the Barnes-Root machine in New York; the Penrose-Dalzell mchine in Pennsylvania; the Foraker machine of Standard Oil fame in Ohio; the Fairbanks-Watson machine in Indiana; the Attwood-Groesbeck machine in Michigan; the Cannon-Lorimer machine in Illinois; the Tawney machine in Minnesota, and the Smoot-Guggenheim machine in the Rocky mountain states, to enter the 1914 campaign with all their old-time audacity.

"From ocean to ocean, the men who destroyed the Republican party in 1912 are today in command of the Republican organization. Because of this it is evident to me there will not and cannot be any compromise between the old boss-ridden, privilege-controlled Republican party and the Progressive party."

Party Organized in 36 States.

Mr. Hinebaugh said that organizations have been perfected in thirty-six of the forty-eight states already, and that in twenty-four states, full state, congressional and county tickets are in the field.

"After the election," he continued "the Progressives will hold the balance of power in many state legislatures as well as in congress. The future of the party is assured by the support it is receiving from the young men of the country.

"The Progressive party will endure and eventually triumph, because the rights of humanity have at least become of equal importance in the public mind with the rights of property. As the discordant elements of the old Whig party effectually destroyed that party so will the divided leadership and divided opinion upon fundamental policies of government effectually destroy what remains of the old Republican party.

"Young men who live in the present, and who look forward rather than backward, are rallying to the standards set by the Progressive party. Young Democrats and young Republicans, untrammeled by traditions of the past, are the hope of the future and of the Progressive party."

LAST OF MEETINGS

The little Boosters' last appearance Saturday night was their best. The large platform was crowded with little folks, lifting their little hearts in song to theri Master.

Rev. Johnson preached a powerful sermon from Ex. 8, 10 "And he said tomorrow". "God says today; man sys tomorrow. Procrastination, putting off, these are the mile stones that mark the fateof many a man and woman. Tomorrow has no real existence."

At the close of his sermon 9 people came down and surrendered to Christ.

The large Tabernacle was filled at the last Sunday morning service within its walls. The free will offering for Mr. Johnson was easily raised.

Rev. Johnson preached a very short sermon on "Some things neede to make Christian life useful"

"The most important thing is to study God's Word. The Bible is the bank containing many precious promises for God's children. Anothe thing is to pray in private and also in public A third very important thing is to unite with some Christan church"

As it was very late, Rev Johnson did not give an invitation to the people.

At the supposedly last service held in the Tabernacle under Rev Johnson and party Sunday night the tabernacle was packed and many tried to get in from the outside in vain

The musical program before the sermon was splendid. The large choir seemed to be at its best.

Rev. Johnson preached a mighty sermon from Jer. 8,20: "The harvest is past, the summer 's gone and you are not saved."

"No one can say they have had no opportunity to be saved. Plenty opportunity has bene offered during these dyas to get away from your guilt. God pity a man if you must moan after these meetings, " I have missed it, I have missed it." If your sins are not discovered in this world, they will be discovered at the judgment bar of God."

At the close of his sermon, 88 people came and surrendered to Christ, a total of over 900.

The really last service was held last night.

CLOVER HILL.

A baby girl arrived at the home of Alex Mitchell last week.

Mrs. May Ralston is visiting her sister, Mrs. Curtis Read, this week.

A. G. Woodward from Curwensville, called on Edward Lippart last Sunday afternoon.

Miss Annabell Litz is visting friends in Akron, Ohio.

The Grampian band will furnish the music for the Lawrence Grange picnic on Friday, July 31.

Mrs. Homer McDowell is seriously ill at her home with chronic appendicitis Dr Wilson is the attending physician.

Miss Emma Schickling went to Hyde City, where she will be employed for some time.

Misses Alda and Amanda Glasgow, from Bellwood, are visiting their cousins, the Misses McCrack

Frank Lippart wears a very pleasant smile since the arrival of a young son at his home

Mr and Mrs Will Berry of Stonehoro, spent Monday with Mr and Mrs Edward Lippart.

Mr. and Mrs Dayton Slitter, from Karthaus, visited with their uncle Edward Lippert andf amily several days last week

Mrs. Austin Aughenbaugh and Miss Emma Schickling recently visited their sister, Mrs Edward Lippart

N F Hoffman received word on Sunday that his father at Portland Mills had a stroke last week and is not expected to live

Mrs Helen Aughenbaugh and little daughter, Mary, from Curwensville, visited her parents, Mr and Mrs James Spackman, on Tuesday

Elma and Blair McCracken and Olive and Clovis Moore attended Grange at Kerrmoor on Saturday night and visited relatives near there over Sunday.

Mrs Blair Fulton and baby Cora May, from Clearfield, Kentucky, are visiting her parents, Mr and Mrs J S Wrigley, and other relatives

Mrs Cupp and daughters, Anna and Golda, from Altoona, were here attending the Nebgen-Shifter wedding and visited Mrs Cupp's brother, Edward Lippart, and family

B. R. P. PICNIC

All arrangements for the annual picnic of the employes of the B. R. & P railroad have about been completed by the general committee having the matter in charge. The outing will be held at Ontario Beach on next Saturday, July 18, and a special train over the B., R & P. will leave DuBois at 6 A. M., and will reach Ontario Beach about noon. Onthe return trip the train will leave Rochester at 8.30 in the evening. An interesting program of amusements will be arranged and it is expected that over 1,000 people will be in attendance The company furnishes free transportation to all the employees of the road and their families It is also expected that they will take along the B., R. & P. band to furnish msic

THE CARNIVAL

Borough Authorities Find Nothing to Condemn in the Shows.

Somebody has evidently been misrepresenting the carnival now in Clearfield. The borough authorities visited the carnival last night and report that they saw nothing illegal or indecent in the shows. Chief of Police McHenry says the carnival is clean, the onlyoccurrence out of the way last night being the theft of a suit of clothes of one of the carnival people by some Clearfield young man.

Smashed His Finger.

Fred G. Shugarts of the Stoneville baseball team had a finger smashed while catching in the Bigler-Stoneville game Saturday, and will be out of the game for a while.

Hoston's Hearing Wednesday.

The argument in the motion for a new trial in the case of Hoston, who was found guilty of murder in the second degree for the killing of James Dunkle, at Cataract, will be heard on Monday next.

Real Estate Transfers.

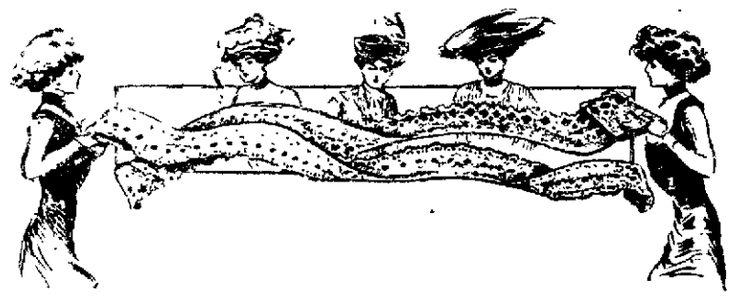
A. W. LEONARDSON CO. MARKET STREET A. W. LEONARDSON CO.

A Garden of Merchandise

A Hoard of Extraordinary Bargains In Our JULY CLEARANCE SALE

In ridding itself of Summer Goods, each department strives for superiority in value giving. That they have surpassed themselves can be proven by a visit to each and every one, comparing present prices with former ones. Every purchase will be gratifyingly profitable to you. Goods you were glad to pay full price for earlier in the season are marked down to positively insignificant figures. That long looked-for opportunity for practicing economy presents itself now in the JULY CLEARANCE SALE.

Wide Embroidery Flouncing at Clearance Sale Prices

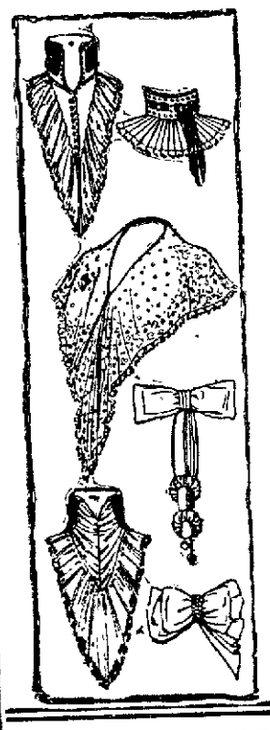


$10.00 45 in. Embroidered flouncing, inlaid Venice work **$6.98**
9.00 45 in. Embroidered flouncing, inlaid Filet Medallions **5.48**
7.50 45 in. French Embroidery, Venetian cut work **4.98**
5.75 45 in. French Embroidery on Schnee cloth **3.98**
4.50 45 in. Embroiderey in Crepe, Neige with Filet edge **3.48**
3.50 45 in. Batiste Flouncing in Blue and white **2.98**
1.95 45 in. Batiste Flouncing, French Eyelet work **1.25**
1.00 45 in. French Voile all over—Saleprice **2.98**
2.25 45 in. Batiste all over—Sale price **1.89**
79c 27in. Batiste Flouncing, imitation Venice work **59c**
59c 27in Batiste Flouncing, eyelet, French emb. wk. **39c**
18c 27in. Batiste Flouncing for children's wear **39c**
39c 18in, Batiste Flouncing in neat patterns, ... **29c**
25c 18in Batiste Flouncing eyelet pattens **19c**
One lot of Galoon trimmings, 1 1-2 to 8 in. wide, values 15c to $2 yd, **sale price** ..... **10c to $1 yd.**

One lot of odd insertions and band trimmings, 2 to 12 in. wide, **values** from 25c to $4.00 yd., for our clearance sale these will be ..... **1-2 price.**

All of our linen and cotton torchon lace and insertions, 1-4 to 2 in. wide, the regular 5c to 10c yd. Sale price.. **4c yd.**

Neckwear, Jewelry, Etc.



One lot of soiled neckwear—all good styles in net, shadow lace and messaline, ranging in price from 25c to $1.00—Clearance price **12½c to 50c each.**

25c Neckwear in rolling collars in net, organdie and shadow lace, also cuff and collar sets in net and all-over embroidery—Sale price **17c**

50c—Many styles of net and shadow lace collars with lace and net trimming, also several styles in fischu, also plain linen and pique collars in white and colors—Sale price **37c**

25c-50c—Beads and necklaces in jet, white and assorted colors—These are in all lengths from 15 to 32 in. long.

One lot of 12½c Emerald lawn handkerchiefs with ¼ inch hemstitch hem and embroidered corner—Clearance price ..... **7c each.**

A. W. LEONARDSON COMPANY

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
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PINCHOT LEADER IN STATE WORK

Expert Tells How He Helped In Forest Building

FOUGHT FOR PENNSYLVANIA

Remarkable Progress In National and State Conservation of Timber Reserves Due In Great Part to His Untiring Energy and Aggressiveness.

By J. W. TOUMEY

Fifty or one hundred years hence when the people of the United States are able to get a true perspective of the basic development of national, state and private forestry during the past eighteen years in this country, Gifford Pinchot's name will stand above all others. As the Germans now write of Cotta as the father of Saxon forestry so the historians of this country will write of Gifford Pinchot as the father of American forestry.

For nearly two decades Gifford Pinchot has been a potent force in national, state and private forestry. Nearly twenty years ago he began his professional career in private forestry. Through his ability and force of character he rapidly made his way to the foremost place in professional forestry in this country. Although he became the leader of American forestry while still a young man, his technical and scholastic training, his high ideals of public service, his capacity for work, and magnetic personality made it possible for him to initiate reform after reform and inspire the entire nation with his own high ideals of forestry and what it ought to be in the United States.

Leader in State Work.

Most of us think of Gifford Pinchot as a leader in national forestry. He has been no less a leader in state and private forestry. The rapid advance in national forestry under his wise leadership carried with it the advance in state and private forestry. Without the former, the latter would have been impossible. As head of the National Forest Service, Gifford Pinchot early turned his attention and that of his department to co-operating with the states and private owners of timberland in order to stimulate a greater interest in state and private forestry; help the states to form an effective forest organization, and induce private owners to begin the practice of forestry on their own lands.

This work early begun by Gifford Pinchot, finds fruition today in the splendid co-operation between the National Forest Service and the several states, under which organized effort is rapidly reducing the annual losses from forest fires. It finds fruitage today in all parts of the country where in the early part of his career, as head of the National Forest Service, he pointed the way to the introduction of forestry on private timberlands.

In the Adirondack Mountains and elsewhere, where working plans were made for private owners under his direction, we find today the greatest advance in private forestry.

He Started the Work.

The progress in state forestry during the past sixteen years or since Gifford Pinchot became the head of the National Forest Service, has been no less remarkable than the progress in national forestry itself. Sixteen years ago only two or three states gave the subject any attention at all. Pennsylvania was one of the few states that was moving forward at this time in the conservation of her forests. This was chiefly due, however, to the splendid influence of Dr. J. T. Rothrock, who for more than one-half of a long lifetime has valiantly fought for the forests of the Keystone state.

Today no less than twenty-five states have active forestry departments, the majority of which employ professionally trained foresters. Twenty have efficient fire-protective systems. Fourteen states have established state forests with an aggregate area of more than 3,400,000 acres. Forest taxation of private timberlands has been placed upon a more equable basis in seven states. Public interest is becoming more and more focused upon state forestry and unquestionably the most intensive work in forestry in this country at the present time is being done by the states.

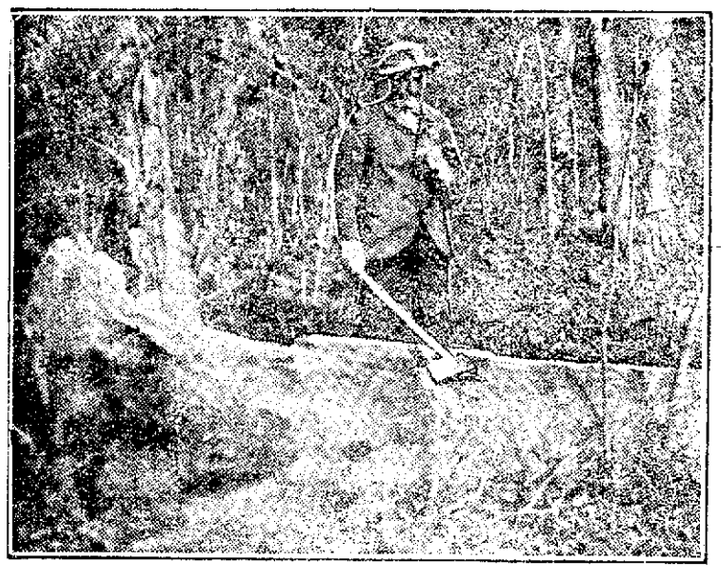
He Laid Down the Plan.

Let me repeat that this wonderful advance in state forestry, beginning at the time that Gifford Pinchot became the leader in American forestry, would not have been possible without an even greater advance in national forestry. Pinchotism more than any other force awakened the nation to the need of forest conservation and opened the purse strings of Congress, thus making our National Forest Service a living reality and our greatest monument to national foresight that the present century has yet witnessed. Pinchotism, working through the friends of forestry in the several states, has opened the purse strings of the legislatures, thus making efficient state forestry possible.

Time and again Gifford Pinchot has appeared before state legislatures and legislative committees on behalf of state forestry. Governor Pardee of California, Governor Bass of New Hampshire, Doctor Pratt of North Carolina, Doctor Rothrock of Pennsylvania, Joseph N. Teal of Oregon, John Parker and Governor Blanchard of Louisiana, as well as many other patriotic and farseeing men, can vouch for his assistance and labor in furthering forestry in their respective states. Gifford Pinchot's influence in state forestry and the confidence that the states have in him are clearly shown by the fact that in California, Wisconsin, and other states as well as the acts creating the position of state forester expressly state that he shall be a man satisfactory to the National Forest Service.

Gifford Pinchot's influence and activity in instituting organized state activity is one of the surest and most fundamental accomplishments of his career, as shown in the light of a decade and a half of American forest history. Had his policy of state forestry not been sound; had it not been based upon the same far-visioned principles under which he carried the forest interests of the nation to fruition; had it not been built upon constructive acts giving it concrete and definite expression, its harmonious development in recent years would have been impossible.

As residents of the Keystone state, Doctor Rothrock and Gifford Pinchot have always worked together to further the forest interests of Pennsylvania. The influence of the latter on public opinion aided in no uncertain manner the splendid development that this state has made in forest conservation. Gifford Pinchot was the first public man in America to recognize and point out to the states in terms which brought results the real meaning of state forestry,—that each state has its own duties and responsibilities in forestry, separate and distinct, on the one hand, from private forestry and, on the other, from those which confront the nation.



PINCHOT, THE FORESTER

BRUMBAUGH A PENROSE CLOAK

Doctor Hunsberger, Chautauqua Speaker, Says His Silence is a Shame and a Disgrace.

Dr. W. A. Hunsberger, of Columbia University, formerly of the faculty of Dickinson college, Carlisle, in a recent Chautauqua lecture at Lansdale, Montgomery county, referred to current Pennsylvania politics for a striking example of how honest seekers after clean politics are buncoed by the political bosses. Departing from his regular speech, Doctor Hunsberger characterized Brumbaugh as the "eminently respectable figurehead of the machine." He said:

"It is a shame and a disgrace for a man like Doctor Brumbaugh to act as a cloak for the Penroses, McNichols and Donnellys of this state; and if I live I shall raise my voice at every opportunity in the coming campaign to drive them from power.

"The day is past when men can sneak into office without committing themselves. A man seeking office must declare what he stands for and what he believes in."

Seeking Interested Signers.

There is traveling over the state an emissary of the Grundy-Penrose "Protective Union" who is securing signatures to a petition to be addressed to the people of Pennsylvania, asking them to return Boies Penrose to the United States senate. In one county the signers of the petition were the liquor dealers, dealers in cooperage supplies and hop and grain dealers. Dozens of reputable manufacturers refused to sign the paper.

Always to Be Reckoned With.

You must learn to deal with odd and even in life, as well as in figures.—George Eliot.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

You are writing a gospel—a chapter a day,
By works that you do and words that you say;
Men read what you write, whether faithless or true—
Say, what is the Gospel according to You?

—E. E. Higley.

HELPFUL IDEAS FOR THE HOUSE-WIFE.

Improved Hamburger Steak.—Chop a pound of round steak, season with salt and pepper, a grating of nutmeg, a pinch of ground cloves, one egg beaten light and a small onion chopped fine and one cupful of boiled rice. Mix well, make into cakes and cook as usual over coals or pan broil. This amount will make neat cakes to serve seven or eight people, provided they are not too hungry, and there are other good things served.

Poached Eggs New York Style.—Mix small cubes of chicken breast with fresh mushrooms, pimentoes and a little Mornay sauce. Spread a thin layer on earthen au gratin dishes, set a poached egg above, cover with Mornay sauce, mixed with a little tomato puree and a dash of paprika. Sprinkle with grated Swiss or Parmesan cheese. Set in a hot oven an instant and serve at once.

Mornay Sauce.—Put three tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, when bubbling hot add three tablespoonfuls of flour, salt and pepper, about a half-tablespoonful of salt and a cup and a half of consomme, chicken or veal broth. Add a fourth of a cupful of Gruyere or Parmesan cheese and stir until melted.

Chop Suey.—Take a pound of lean pork from the shoulder, cut in small pieces, three large onions, three stalks of celery, a handful of mushrooms, cut fine, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, two tablespoonfuls of black molasses. Put a little butter into a kettle and when hot, drop in the meat, cover and simmer. Then add the vegetables, add a teaspoon of salt and simmer until the vegetables are done. Mix the molasses and cornstarch together with half a cup of warm water, add and cook until well done. For those who do not like the Japanese sauce this recipe will be enjoyed.

When bread is thoroughly cooled wrap each loaf in waxed paper and put away in a bread box. Each loaf may be handled in the paper and any portion left wrapped and kept moist.

Nellie Maxwell.

STRIPES AND PLAIDS.

Strikingly Combined With Many Plain Fabrics.

HANDSOME AFTERNOON GOWN.

The wearing of roman stripes pleases the smart women. The demand for something different inspires the designers to combine materials of every variety.

Several seasons have passed since striped silks have occupied a prominent position among the fashions, but this year finds them reinstated.

The new weaves show a wonderful blending of colors, some designs emphasizing the brilliant reds, blues, yellows and greens, while others combine the softer, darker tones.

The stripes vary in width from narrow pin stripes to those measuring two inches in diameter.

These handsome silks are allied with plain colors, and costumes of exceptional smartness are evolved from this combination.

The gown pictured here was of plain and striped silk in an effective and modish combination.

IF KIDNEYS ACT BAD TAKE SALTS

Says Backache is sign you have been Eating too Much Meat.

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it generally means you have been eating too much meat, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they becomesort of paralyzed and loggy. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them, like you relieve your bowels; removing all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells; your stomach sours, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get sore, water scalds and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night.

Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is a life saver for regular meat eaters. It is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful effervescent lithia water drink.

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF

BIG LOAF FLOUR

IS FOR SALE BY THE FOLLOWING MERCHANTS IN CLEARFIELD AND VICINITY

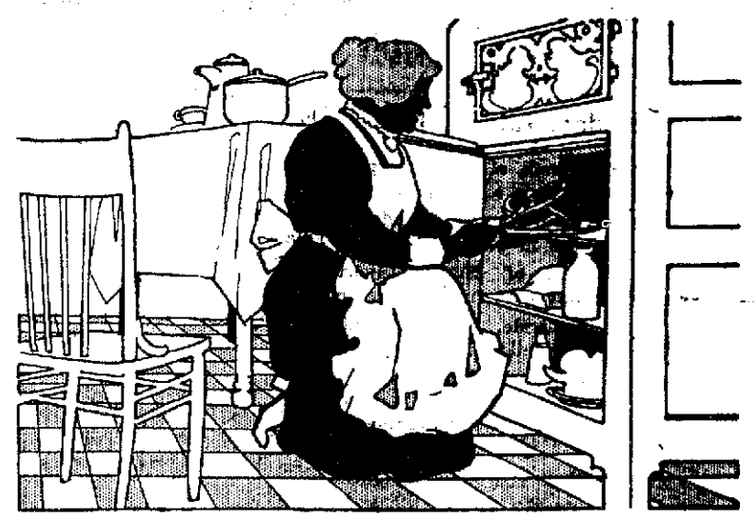
G. N. Ellenberger, ...Clearfield
Ross & Woods,.. ....Clearfield
J. S Beahan.....Clearfield
McCloskey Bros., ...Clearfield
C. E. Shirey, ... Clearfield
Wm. M. Boyce & Son, Clearfield
F. S. Gilliland, ... Clearfield
S. B. McLaughlin,....Clearfield
Sam Barone, ... Clearfield
Richard Cook, ... Clearfield
A. P. Schnars,.....Hyde
Bickford Store Co., Curwensville
T. C. Hile,.....Curwensville
Harry Teats, ...Curwensville
W. B. Fox & Son, Curwensville
G. M. Clute, ... Curwensville
C. F. Hays, ...Curwensville
T. D. Small & Son, Curwensville
W. A. Hipps, ...Curwensville
Rafferty Bros.,.....Grampian
Grampian Supply Co.,.Grampian
W. E. Derrick,.. ... .Grampian
A. McCrath, ... Grampian
H. P. Wriglesworth, ..Grampian
F. M. Hartzfeld, ... Grampian
J. T. Pickles,. .... .Woodland
W. D. Walker & Bro.,. .Bigler
Ed. Shaw,. ..... Shawville
C. P. Rowles, ... Olanta
D. B. Hile, ... Lumber City
F. B. Johnston, ... Curry Run

Geo. H. Lum
DUBOIS, PA.,
Manufacturer's Agents for Pennsylvania.

Money Can Buy
The Very Best Flour That
BIG LOAF

JACOBSON'S
Furniture, Rugs, Stoves and Household Goods
—AT—
POPULAR PRICES
—AT—
JACOBSON'S
212 REED STREET

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF



"Our Meat Goes Furthest"

EVERY woman knows there is a great difference in the LASTING QUALITY of meats. Poor roasts, steaks or chops, fat and tough, for instance, very rarely go into the refrigerator after the first attack upon them is over. We sell the kind that lasts—REAL MEAT, selected with EXPERT KNOWLEDGE.

KLINE & STEMPFLY,
Nevling Building 13 Third Street Clearfield, Pa.

Seven Days in the Week.

No time lost on Sundays or Holidays, but instead interest runs on automatically when money is deposited in our Savings Department

We'll take the best of care of it after you start to save. But you must make the start and the sooner you start the sooner you can put your money to work where it will work for you.

There is more to this but we would rather you would call and hear it personally.

Don't postpone your visit---come today.

Clearfield Trust Company

SAFETY FIRST

FOR DEPOSITORS OF

Clearfield National Bank

Total Assets, - $1,500,000.00

OFFICERS

James Mitchell, President.
H. S. Whiteman, Jr., V-Pres. and Cashier.
W. L. McJunkin, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Singleton Bell W. I. Betts John Dimeling
W. P. Hopkins H. A. Kennedy
A. E. Leitzinger James Mitchell T. H. Murray
W. H. Patterson H. S. Whiteman, Jr.

"THE BANK OF SERVICE"

The County National Bank

OF CLEARFIELD, PA.

The Oldest Bank in Clearfield County

STATED ADDITIONS TO SURPLUS

For thirty-five years, at the declaration of each dividend, an addition to the Surplus has been made and th practice of thus strengthening the bank is still regularaly followed. The results of this policy, noted below, are its own best commentary.

Paid in by Stockholders, - - $225,000.00
Saved from Earnings, - - - 865,000.00
Present Invested Capital, - - $1,090,000.00

Our Facilities for Serving Customers in Every Department of Banking are Unsurpassed.
We Welcome New Accounts Large or Small.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
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World's Greatest Short Stories

(Continued from 2nd page.)

Khaiber with a regular caravan. Who'd touch a poor mad priest? Goodby." And he gave me his hand cautiously.

Carnehan leaned down and shook hands. Then the camels passed away along the dusty road, and I was left alone to wonder. My eye could detect no failure in the disguises. The scene in the Seral attested that they were complete to the native mind.

Ten days later a native friend of mine, giving me the news of the day from Peshawar, wound up his letter with, "There has been much laughter here on account of a certain mad priest who is going in his estimation to sell petty gauds and insignificant trinkets which he ascribes as great charms to H. H. the ameer of Bokhara."

The two, then, were beyond the border. I would have prayed for them, but that night a real king died in Europe and demanded an obituary notice.

PART II.

THE wheel of the world swings through the same phases. Summer passed, and winter thereafter, and came and passed again. The daily paper continued and I with it, and upon the third summer there fell a hot night, a night issue and a strained waiting for something to be telegraphed from the other side of the world, exactly as had happened before. At 3 o'clock I cried, "Print off!" and turned to go, when there crept to my chair what was left of a man. He was bent into a circle, his head was sunk between his shoulders, and he moved his feet one over the other like a bear. "Can you give me a drink?" he whimpered. "For the Lord's sake, give me a drink!"

I went back to the office, the man following with a groan of pain, and I turned up the lamp.

I looked at him intently. Once before had I seen eyebrows that met over the nose in an inch broad black band, but for the life of me I could not tell where.

"I don't know you," I said, handing him the whisky. "What can I do for you?"

He took a gulp of the spirit raw and shivered in spite of the suffocating heat.

"I've come back," he repeated. "And I was the king of Kafiristan—me and Dravot—crowned kings we was! In this office we settled it—you setting there and giving us the books. I am Peachey—Peachey Taliaferro Carnehan, and you've been sitting here ever since—oh, Lord! Poor, poor, Dan, that would never take advice, not though I begged of him!"

"Take the whisky," I said, "and take your own time. Tell me all you can recollect of everything from beginning to end. You got across the border on your camels, Dravot dressed as a mad priest and you his servant. Do you remember that?"

I leaned forward and looked into his face as steadily as I could. He dropped one hand upon the table and I grasped it by the wrist. It was twisted like a bird's claw, and upon the back was a ragged, red, diamond shaped scar.

"No, don't look there. Look at me," said Carnehan.

"You went as far as Jagdallak with that caravan," I said at a venture. "To Jagdallak, where you turned off to try to get into Kafiristan."

"No, we didn't neither. What are you talking about? We turned off before Jagdallak, because we heard the roads was good. But they wasn't good enough for our two camels—mine and Dravot's. When we left the caravan Dravot took off all his clothes and mine too and said we would be heathen, because the Kaffirs didn't allow Mohammedans to talk to them. So we dressed betwixt and between, and such a sight as Daniel Dravot I never saw yet nor expect to see again. That was in a most mountainous country, and our camels couldn't go along any more because of the mountains. They were tall and black, and coming home I saw them fight like wild goats—there are lots of goats in Kafiristan."

"Take some more whisky," I said very slowly. "What did you and Daniel Dravot do when the camels could go no further because of the rough roads that led into Kafiristan?"

"What did which do? There was a party called Peachey Taliaferro Carnehan that was with Dravot. Shall I tell you about him? He died out there in the cold. Slap from the bridge fell old Peachey, turning and twisting in the air like a penny whirligig that you can sell to the ameer

"And then these camels were no use, and Peachey said to Dravot, 'For the Lord's sake let's get out of this before our heads are chopped off.' And with that they killed the camels all among the mountains, not having anything in particular to eat, but first they took off the boxes with the guns and the ammunition till two men came along driving four mules. Dravot up and dances in front of them, singing, 'Sell me four mules.' Says the first man, 'If you are rich enough to buy you are rich enough to rob.' But before ever he could put his hand to his knife Dravot breaks his neck over his knee, and the other party runs away So Carnehan loaded the mules with the rifles that was taken off the camels, and together we starts forward into those bitter cold mountainous parts and never a road broader than the back of your hand."

He paused for a moment while I asked him if he could remember the nature of the country through which he had journeyed.

"I am telling you as straight as I can, but my head isn't as good as it might be. They drove nails through it to make me hear better how Dravot died. We came to a big level valley all among the mountains, and the mules were near dead, so we killed them, not having anything in special for them or us to eat.

"Then ten men with bows and arrows ran down that valley, chasing twenty men with bows and arrows, and the row was tremenjus. They was fair men—fairer than you or me—with yellow hair and remarkable well built. Says Dravot, unpacking the guns: 'This is the beginning of the business. We'll fight for the ten men.' And with that he fires two rifles at the twenty men and drops one of them at 200 yards from the rock where we was sitting. The other men began to run, but Carnehan and Dravot sits on the boxes picking them off at all ranges up and down the valley. Then we goes up to the ten men that had run across the snow, too, and they fires a footy little arrow at us. Dravot he shoots above their heads and they all falls down flat. Then he walks over them and kicks them, and then he lifts them up and shakes 'is all round to make them friend[illegible]ake. He calls them and gives them the boxes to carry and waves his hand for all the world as though he was king already. They takes the boxes and him across the valley and up the hill into a pine wood on the top, where there was half a dozen big stone idols. Dravot he goes to the biggest—a fellow they call Imbra—and lays a rifle and a cartridge at his feet, rubbing his nose respectful with his own nose, patting him on the head and saluting in front of it. He turns round to the men and nods his head, and says: 'That's all right. I'm in the know, too, and all these old jimjams are my friends.' Then he opens his mouth and points down it, and when the first man brings him food he says 'No,' and when the second man brings him food he says 'No,' but when one of the old priests and the boss of the village brings him food he says 'Yes' very haughtily, and eats it slow. That was how we came to our first village."

"Take some more whisky and go on," I said. "That was the first village you came into. How did you get to the king?"

"I wasn't king," said Carnehan. "Dravot he was the king, and a handsome man he looked with the gold crown on his head and all. Him and the other party stayed in that village, and every morning Dravot sat by the side of old Imbra, and the people came and worshiped. That was Dravot's order. Then a lot of men came into the valley, and Carnehan and Dravot picks them off with the rifles before they knew where they was, and runs down into the valley and up again the other side and finds another village, same as the first one, and the people all falls down flat on their faces, and Dravot says, 'Now, what is the trouble between you two villages?' and the people points to a woman, as fair as you or me, that was carried off, and Dravot takes her back to the first village and counts up the dead—eight there was. For each dead man Dravot pours a little milk on the ground and waves his arms like a whirligig and 'That's all right,' says he. Then he and Carnehan takes the big boss of each village by the arm and walks them down into the valley and shows them how to scratch a line with a spear right down the valley and gives each a sod of turf from both sides o' the line. Then we asks the names of things in their lingo—bread and water and fire and idols a[illegible]uch, and Dravot leads the priests o[illegible] village up to the idol and says he must sit there and judge the people, and if anything goes wrong he is to be shot.

"Next week they was all turning up the land in the valley as quiet as bees. 'That's just the beginning,' says Dravot. 'They think we're gods.' He and Carnehan picks out twenty good men and shows them how to click off a rifle and form fours and advance in line. He takes out his pipe and his baccy pouch and leaves one at one village and one at the other, and off we two goes to see what was to be done in the next valley. That was all rock, and there was a little village there, and Carnehan says: 'Send 'em to the old valley to plant,' and takes 'em there and gives 'em some land that wasn't took before. Then Carnehan he went back to Dravot, who had got into another valley, all snow and ice and most mountainous. There was no people there, and the army got afraid, so Dravot shoots one of them and goes on till he finds some people in a village, and the army explains that unless the people wants to be killed they had better not shoot their little matchlocks, for they had matchlocks. We makes friends with the priest and I stays there alone with two of the army, teaching the men how to drill, and a thundering big chief comes across the snow with kettledrums and horns twanging, because he heard there was a new god kicking about. Carnehan sights for the brown of the men half a mile across the snow and wings one of them. Then he sends a message to the chief that unless he wished to be killed he must come and shake hands with me and leave his arms behind. The chief comes alone first, and Carnehan shakes hands with him and whirls his arms about, same as Dravot used, and very much surprised that chief was, and strokes my eyebrows. Then Carnehan goes alone to the chief and asks him in dumb show if he had an enemy he hated 'I have,' says the chief. So Carnehan weeds out the pick of his men and sets two of the army to show them drill, and at the end of two weeks the men can maneuver about as well as volunteers. So he marches with the chief to a great big plain on the top of a mountain, and the chief's men rushes into a village and takes it, we three Martinis firing into the brown of the enemy. So we took that village, too, and I gives the chief a rag from my coat and says, 'Occupy till I come,' which was Scriptural. Then I sends a letter to Dravot, wherever he be, by land or by sea."

At the risk of throwing the creature out of train I interrupted, "How could you write a letter up yonder?"

"The letter? Oh, the letter! Keep looking at me between the eyes, please. It was a string talk letter that we'd learned the way of it from a blind beggar in the Punjab.

"I sent that letter to Dravot and told him to come back because this kingdom was growing too big for me to handle, and then I struck for the first valley to see how the priests were working. They called the village we took along with the chief Bashkai and the first village we took Er-Heb. The priests at Er-Heb was doing all right, but they had a lot of pending cases about land to show me, and some men from another village had been firing arrows at night. I went out and looked for that village and fired four rounds at it from a thousand yards. That used all the cartridges I cared to spend, and I waited for Dravot, who had been away two or three months, and I kept my people quiet. One morning I heard the devil's own noise of drums and horns, and Dan Dravot marches down the hill, with his army and a tail of hundreds of men, and which was amazing—a great gold crown on his head. 'My Gord, Carnehan,' says Daniel, 'this is a tremenjus business, and we've got the whole country as far as it's worth having. I am the son of Alexander by Queen Semiramis, and you're my younger brother and a god too. I've got a crown for you. I told 'em to make two of 'em at a place called Shu, where the gold lies in the rock like suet in mutton. Call up all the priests and, here, take your crown.'

"One of the men opens a black hair bag, and I slips the crown on. It was too small and too heavy, but I wore it for the glory. Hammered gold it was, five pound weight, like a hoop of a barrel.

"'Peachey,' says Dravot, 'we don't want to fight no more. The craft's the trick, so help me!' And he brings forward that same chief that I left at Bashkai—Billy Fish we called him afterward because he was so like Billy Fish that drove the big tank engine at Mach on the Bolan in the old days. 'Shake hands with him,' says Dravot. And I shook hands and nearly dropped, for Billy Fish gave me the grip. I said nothing, but tried him with the fellowcraft grip. He answers, all right, and I tried the master's grip, but that was a slip. 'A fellowcraft he is,' I says to Dan. 'Does he know the word?' 'He does,' says Dan, 'and all the priests know. But they don't know the third degree, and they've come to find out. It's God's truth. A god and a grand master of the craft am I, and a lodge in the third degree I will open, and we'll raise the head priests and the chiefs of the villages.'

"'It's against all the law,' I says, 'holding a lodge without warrant from any one, and we never held office in any lodge'

"'It's a master stroke of policy,' says Dravot. 'The women must make aprons as you show them. I'll hold a levee of chiefs tonight and lodge tomorrow.'

"I was fair run off my legs, but I wasn't such a fool as not to see what a pull this craft business gave us. We took a great square stone in the temple for the master's chair and little stones for the officers' chairs and painted the black pavement with white squares and did what we could to make things regular.

"Dravot gives out that him and me were gods and sons of Alexander and past grand masters in the craft and was come to make Kafiristan a country where every man should eat in peace and drink in quiet and specially obey us. Then the chiefs came round to shake hands, and they was so hairy and white and fair it was just shaking hands with old friends. We gave them names according as they were like men we had known in India—Billy Fish, Holly Dilworth, Pikky Kergan that was bazaar master when I was at Mhow, and so on, and so on.

"The most amazing miracle was at lodge next night. One of the old priests was watching us continuous and I felt uneasy, for I knew we'd have to fudge the ritual, and I didn't know what the men knew. The old priest was a stranger come in from beyond the village of Bashkai. He fetches a whoop and a howl and tries to overturn the stone that Dravot was sitting on. 'It's all up now,' I says. 'That comes of meddling with the craft without warrant!' Dravot never winked an eye, not when ten priests took and tilted over the grand master's chair—which was to say the stone of Imbra. The priest begins rubbing the bottom end of it to clear away the black dirt, and presently he shows all the other priests the master's mark, same as was on Dravot's apron, cut into the stone. Not even the priests of the temple of Imbra knew it was there. The old chap falls flat on his face at Dravot's feet and kisses 'em. 'Luck again,' says Dravot across the lodge to me; 'they say it's the missing mark that no one could understand the why of. We're more than safe now.' After that Peachey and Dravot raised such as was worthy—high priests and chiefs of faroff villages.

PART III.

"I CAN'T tell all we did for the next six months, because Dravot did a lot I couldn't see the hang of. I learned their lingo in a way I [illegible] could.

"They were afraid of me and the army, but they loved Dan. He was the best of friends with the priests and the chiefs, but any one could come across the hills with a complaint, and Dravot would hear him out fair and call four priests together and say what was to be done. They sent me with forty men and twenty rifles and sixty men carrying turquoises, into the Ghorband country to buy those handmade Martini rifles that come out of the ameer's workshops at Kabul, from one of the ameer's Herati regiments that would have sold the very teeth out of their mouths for turquoises. We got more than 100 handmade Martinis, 100 good Kohat jezails that'll throw to 600 yards, and 40 man loads of very bad ammunition for the rifles.

"Dravot was too busy to attend to those things, but the old army that we first made helped me, and we turned out 500 men that could drill and 200 that knew how to hold arms pretty straight. Even those corkscrewed, handmade guns was a miracle to them Dravot talked big about powder shops and factories, walking up and down in the pine wood when the winter was coming on.

"'I won't make a nation,' says he. 'I'll make an empire! These men aren't niggers; they're English! Look at their eyes, look at their mouths Look at the way they stand up. They sit on chairs in their own houses. There must be a fair 2,000,000 of 'em in these hills The villages are full o' little children Two million people—250,000 fighting men—and all English! When everything is shipshape I'll hand over the crown—this crown I'm wearing now—to Queen Victoria on my knees, and she'll say 'Rise up, Sir Daniel Dravot.' Oh, it's big! It's big, I tell you! But there's so much to be done in every place—Bashkai, Khawak, Shu and everywhere else. It's a big country, and somehow you can't help me, Peachey, in the way I want to be helped'

"'Go to your blasted priests then!' I said, and I was sorry when I made that remark, but it did hurt me sore to find Daniel talking so superior when I'd drilled all the men and done all he told me.

"'Don't let's quarrel, Peachey,' says Daniel without cursing. 'You're a king too, and the half of this kingdom is yours, but can't you see, Peachey, we want cleverer men than us now—three or four of 'em, that we can scatter about for our deputies. There's another thing, too. The winter's coming and these people won't be giving much trouble and if they do we can't move about. I want a wife.

"'For Gord's sake leave the women alone!' I says. 'We've both got all the work we can do, though I am a fool Remember the contrack and keep clear o' women.'

"'The contrack only lasted till such time as we was kings, and kings we have been these months past,' says Dravot, weighing his crown in his hand. 'You go get a wife, too, Peachey.'

"'Don't tempt me!' I says. 'I will not have any dealings with a woman, not till we are a dam' site more settled than we are now. Let's lie off a bit and see if we can get some better tobacco from Afghan country and run in some good liquor, but no women.'

"'For the last time of answering I will,' said Dravot, and he went away through the pine trees looking like a big red devil.

"But getting a wife was not so easy as Dan thought. He put it before the council and there was no answer till Billy Fish said that he'd better ask the girls. Dravot d--d them all round. 'What's wrong with me?' he shouts standing by the idol Imbra. 'Am I a dog or am I not enough of a man for your wenches?' He walked out of the council room, and the others sat still, looking at the ground.

"'Billy Fish, says I to the chief of Bashkai, 'what's the difficulty here? A straight answer to a true friend 'You know,' says Billy Fish. 'How should a man tell you who know everything? How can daughters of men marry gods or devils? It's not proper'

"'A god can do anything,' says I 'If the king is fond of a girl he'll not let her die.' 'She'll have to,' said Billy Fish. 'There are all sorts of gods and devils in these mountains, and now and again a girl marries one of them and isn't seen any more. Besides, you two know the mark cut in the stone Only the gods know that. We thought you were men till you showed the sign of the master

"I wished then that we had explained about the loss of the genuine secrets of a master Mason at the first go off, but I said nothing All that night there was a blowing of horns in a little dark temple halfway down the hill, and I heard a girl crying fit to die One of the priests told us that she was being prepared to marry the king 'The girl's a little bit afraid, says the priest She thinks she's going to die, and they are a-heartening of her up down in the temple.'

"'Hearten her very tender then' says Dravot, 'or I'll hearten you with the butt of a gun so that you'll never want to be heartened again'

"I got up very early in the morning while Dravot was asleep, and I saw the priests talking together in whispers and the chiefs talking together too, and they looked at me out of the corners of their eyes

"'What is up, Fish?' I says to the Bashkai man, who was wrapped up in his furs and looking splendid to behold

"'I can't rightly say, says he, 'but if you can induce the king to drop all this nonsense about marriage you'll be doing him and me and yourself a great service.'

"'That I do believe,' says I. 'But sure, you know, Billy, as well as me, having fought against and for us, that the king and me are nothing more than two of the finest men that God Almighty ever made. Nothing more, I do assure you.'

(To be Continued.)

Pointers About Veils.

Many of the new veils are plain or have small designs over the face only. For a veil which may be thrown back the border effects are good. Some veils have a border and a small set motif over the surface.

Shadow and dotted effects are once more being worn. Silk thread designs appear in graceful figures—butterflies, orchids and simpler motifs—on a fine mesh.

Fashion demands that the veil must harmonize with the hat, as does the hat with the costume, not only in color, but in its effect. Thus not one but many veils are necessary, so that one may be smartly and properly veiled for all daytime occasions in the open.

High Coiffure Combs.

The high hairdressing has not become very general yet, but in a few months every one will wear this dignified style. In the meantime every woman whose aim it is to keep in touch with the new fashions when they first appear should become possessed of as many of the high, old fashioned tortoiseshell combs as she can. These picturesque combs can often be picked up quite cheaply at old curiosity shop but they must be bought quickly, for they will soon go up in price. All kinds will be worn, but the high Spanish comb is likely to be the greatest favorite.

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IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

FIGHT FANS WANT BANTAMS MATCHED

Clamoring for Bout Between Williams and Brannigan

(By International News Service)

(BY FRANK G. MENKE.)

New York, July 14—The fight fans just now are clamoring for a battle between Kid Williams, bantam champion, and Patsey Brannigan,oneof the top-notchers in that class, and a man whose past record certainly seems to entitle him to another chance at the title.

Brannigan, who now is under the management of Ed. Fritz, of Newcastle, Pa., battled Williams before the Baltimore youth was champion, fought with Johnny Coulon, while he held the title and fought two battles with Johnny Kilbane, the featherweight champion. And in every one of these fights Brannigan was credited with a draw, although in each case he was from two to seven pounds lighter than his opponent.

Brannigan, who has been called "Whirlwind" Brannigan because of his rushing ring tactics, has fought 350 times, has lost but one decision, and that on points, and has never been floored, which is some record, and one which the fighting public feels entitles Brannigan to another chance at the championship.

Brannigan's friends always have claimed that instead of being given draws in his battles with Coulon and Williams he should have been given the decision, as he outslugged and outfought both men.

"If Brannigan and Williams get together the fans can count of seeing a bang-up fighting exhibition," said Manager Fritz. "Both boys fight from the tap of the gong until the finish; both can hit, and both are skilled boxers. I think my boy Brannigan is the better of the two, and if Williams will give me a match in the fall or early in the winter, I am confident that when the battle is over there'll be another bantam-weight champion—and his name will be Branigan."

A Funny Trick.

Johnny Dougherty has pulled one of the funniest tricks in pugilist history.

Johnny used to manage Al McCoy, who wears the title of middle-weight champion but which title doesn't seem to fit him at all. Johnny managed Al until Dan Morgan, a rival manager came along and weaned Al away from Johnny.

Losing his "champeen" upset Dougherty for a time. Then he thought himself of a brilliant idea. He had in his "stable" a likely looking middleweight named Alexander Theil. Johnny took Theil to court and had him make application for permission to change his name. Permission was granted and Alexander Theil at once changed his name to Al McCoy.

So you see, even though Johnny did lose one Al McCoy he has another and Johnny is telling everybody right now that as soon as he can chip off the rough edges, Alexander Theil—Al McCoy will be able to hammer the daylight out of Danny Morgan managed Al McCoy.

Ahearn Gain Fame Abroad.

Young Ahearn, who wasn't much shucks hereabouts as a middleweight warrior, is being heralded throughout England as "one of the most brilliant boxers of the present day," and as "a man who soon will hold the undisputed championship of the world." Ahearn has made a great hit in England by putting away all the fourth and fifth rate scrappers who have been lined up against him.

Boxing is becoming more popular every day in Australia, declares Snowy Baker, the Australian promoter, in a recent communication to friends here. Baker says that the whole island is all het up over the question of which man is the better in the middleweight division—Jimmy Clabby, Eddie McGoorty or JeffSmith Baker has written Billy Murry, the California middleweight, to hurry to Australia and mix in the elimination bouts that are soon to be arranged to decide, from Australia's viewpoint, which man is the best in the world.

Baker's idea is to match up the four men, the winners of semi-final bouts to meet in the championship scrap. Baker declared that such a bout would bring a record gate.

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS

National League.

New York, 2; Chicago, 4.
Boston, 8; St. Louis, 7.
Brooklyn- Pittsburgh—Rain.
Philadelphia-Cincinnati—Rain.

American League.

Chicago, 2; New York, 1; 1st game.
Chicago, 1; New York, 3; 2nd game.
Cleveland. 0; Boston, 2.
St. Louis-Philadelphia, called end of 3rd, rain.
Detroit, 0; Washington, 3.

Federal League.

Pittsburgh, 0; Brooklyn, 1.
St. Louis, 0; Chicago, 6; 1st game.
St. Louis, 5; Chicago, 1; 2d game.
Buffalo, 10; Baltimore, 6; 1st game
Buffalo, 2; Baltimore, 6; 2nd game.
Indianapolis, 5; Kansas City, 3.

Bigler Defeats Stoneville.

The game of baseball at Stoneville on Saturday resulted in a 3-1 victory for Bigler. Owing to the weather there was not a very good turnout but the few hundreds (?) that were there saw a very good game of ball. Saturday, July 18, Wallaceton will play at Stoneville and a good game is promised. Game called at 3 o'clock.

Winburne Wins Game.

One of the scrappiest baseball games of the season was played at Winburne on Saturday when Morrisdale went down there with a big bunch of rooters and played a return game, the result being 2 to 1 in favor of Winburne

Meritt and Broncho were the batteries for Winburne and Ball and Howe for Morrisdale. This evens up the series, each club having a game to its credit. There will be something doing at the next game, as there is quite a rivalry between the two towns

May Defend Cup.

Newport, R.I., July1 5—After three interesting trial races, the contenders for the America's cup defense. Defiance, Resolute and Vanitie Sunday spent a day in harbor, while the committee on selection pondered on their problem. Several more races will be sailed this week and by next Sunday the committee members expect to have a wealth of information to assist them in arriving at a decision as to which boat shall meet the Shamrock IV.

An Infant Swimmer.

Philadelphia, July 15 — Florence McLaughlin, of the First regiment swimming pool, who is only 10 years old, but has made quite a reputation as a swimmer, Sunday afternoon distinguished herself by swimming from Race street wharf in the Delaware river to the Riverton Yacht club pier, a distance of 9½ miles, in 3 hours, 22 minutes and 25 seconds, part of the journey being made in very rough water.

Hugh Leonard wrestling instructor of the New York Athletic club, New York, was struck by lightning on his farm near Belfast, N. Y., during an electrical storm and killed instantly. He was 46 years of age and leaves three daughters.

WILL PAY WARRANTS FOR AUTO MONEY

Auditor General Powell Makes a Statement

Harrisburg, July 14 — We will honor warrants for autoombile license money that comes in hereafter, saidAuditor General Powell yesterday in speaking of the action of Justice Mestrezat, of the supreme court, in denying a supersedeas in the mandamus suit broght byt he attorney general to compel payment of this money to the state highway commissioner, which was decided against Auditor General Powell and State Treasurer Young in two cases.

The action of Justice Mestrezat makes way for argument of the case in the supreme court at the October session to be held in Philadelphia, and the case will go to the head of the argument list

"But," added Auditor General Powell, "any warran tpresented must be based on the questions raised in the two cases decided by Dauphin county court I do not say that we will pay every warrant, for each warrant stands on its own base. The highway commissioner will get his 'unlucky thirteenth million,' if the warrants are right. The disposition of the entire amount will rest with the supreme court."

This assertion of Auditor General Powell is taken to mean that the million in the auto license fund, which was said was held up by the auditor general and state treasurer, will bepaidtoo, if the warrants are correct, but they will be very carefully scanned by the two financial officers in every particular.

Until the higher court has rendered a decision nothing is absolutely fixed Highway Commissioner Bigelow was not here yesterday, so that his action in issuing arrants to go ahead with work of repairs on the roads could not be learned, but it is said he will proceed as soon as he is assured that there will be no further delays.

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